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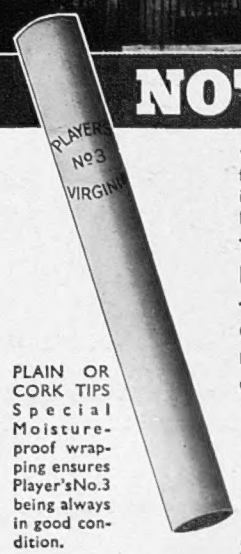

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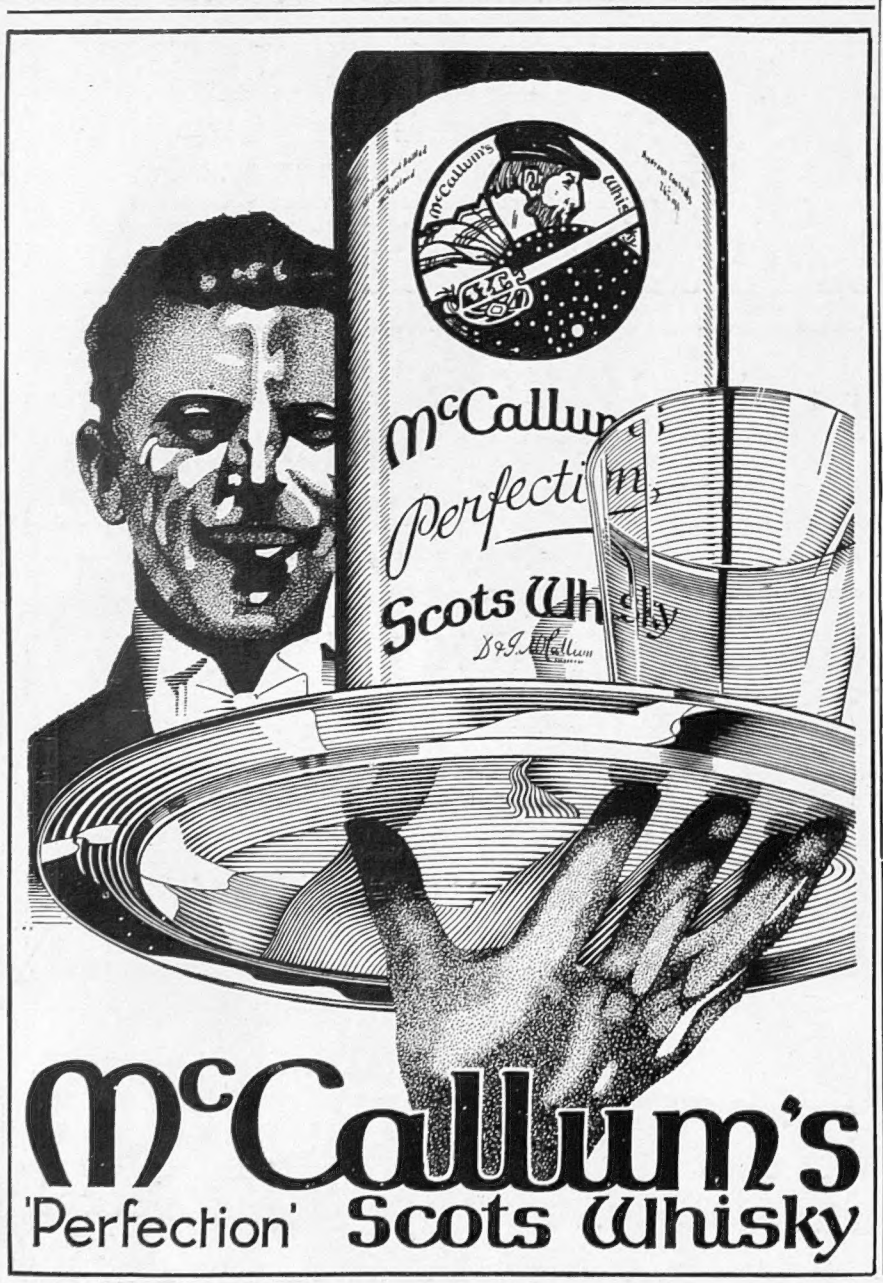

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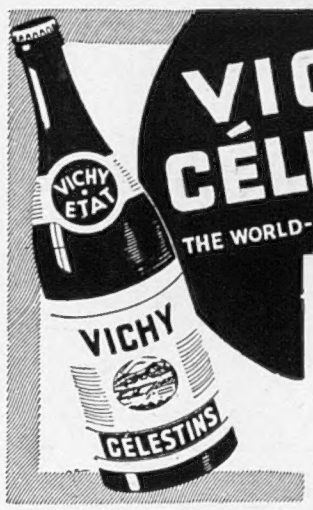

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 21, 193

The Continent INVADES LONDON

Two Young Austrian Visitors, Clad in National Costume, Consult one of the West End's Ever-obliging Police

Though, socially speaking, London may be empty, its notabilities in the Highlands or spread far and wide across Europe with Salzburg as a centre of particular concentration, in actuality the capital is as full as at any time this summer, its pavements thronged with hosts of foreign holidaymakers who would seem to have come from every quarter of the Continent. Thus are the changes rung and thus is the world taking its holidays in these days of inexpensive travel; the English for once inclining to forsake for more adventurous climes those seaside resorts where their fathers and grandfathers went with such monotonous regularity, and the foreigners tending more and more to come to these shores to learn our ways that for them hold so much of novelty. The visitors are easily distinguished as they mingle in the streets, studying their maps and guide books, consulting our "so wonderful police," and showing an intelligent curiosity in the sights and scenes that the Londoner himself is all too apt to take for granted. Let us hope that they are receiving the hospitality over here that we expect and so often find abroad

(Special SPHERE *picture by William Davis)*

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

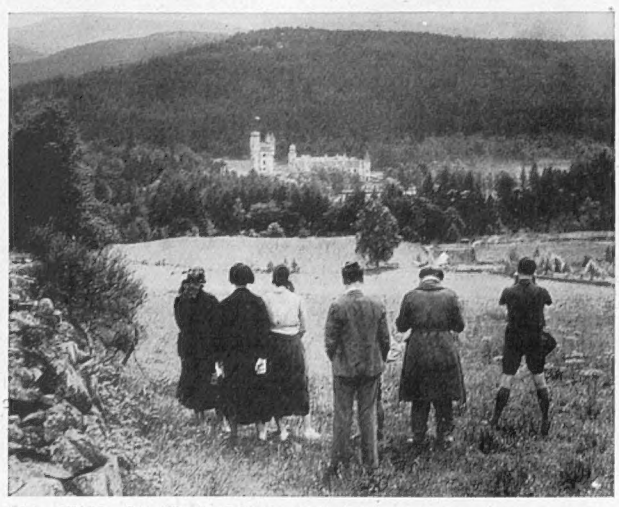
HEAT WAVE *Before* CLOUDBURST

On August 12 London was in the midst of a heat wave, with temperatures hovering round the 80's, and office workers (as depicted above) were only too glad to sit for a brief spell in the sight of Trafalgar Square's cooling fountain. Then came the deluge on Friday, August 13, the heaviest rain in London for 27 years, completely disorganising transport at the homeward rush-hour, and in many places flooding roads and railways to a depth of several feet. The picture on the right was taken in Knightsbridge as shop-girls tried to clear a drain in front of their store. Note the dislodged paving blocks

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4.
Wednesday, August 18, 1937.

SHARE PUSHERS.—In a way it will be a disappointment to me when a benevolent Government has completed its arrangements to save me from myself. I enjoy my share pushers' circulars; it is the only romance left in my day's mail. There is something so touching in that faith in the ultimate weakness of human nature, in the sure belief that, though ninety-nine of the circulars issued will go unanswered into the w.p.b., the hundredth will be seriously treated as a money-maker and will lure the widow's mite and the orphan's nest egg from their safe haven in the 3 per cents. "A certain 10 per cent."; "A capital appreciation of 50 per cent. within two years at a conservative estimate"; "An unusually attractive investment for trustees with a high yield". The distant prospect of easy money is still stimulating as reading matter when it has ceased to attract as a business proposition. No doubt careful registration regulations of outside share dealers can do much to clip the wings of these hawks; perhaps money sureties will freeze out a few of the more ephemeral of the brotherhood; and it may be that greater powers of search for the police will frighten away the weaker from their easy prey in the dovecots. But all experience convinces that until the curtain rings down on the human comedy, the fool and his money will be soon parted. And, if the pigeon may no longer shed his feathers at the request of a printed circular, he will still part with his "wallet" of banknotes as a proof of his complete confidence in the stranger whom he meets in a Strand milk bar, or send out his savings to rescue the Spanish prisoner with the gold mine richer than Golconda. If the Post Office watches with a more suspicious eye these share pushers' circulars, we shall lose much of the colour and romance of our day's mail but, in so far as our ration of human folly requires, we shall still find ways in which to separate ourselves from our savings.



ALL EYES ON THE ROYAL HOLIDAY HOME: Looking down from the hills above the Braemar Road to Balmoral Castle, where the King and Queen are now spending a few restful weeks after the arduous activities of spring and summer

WAR IN EAST ANGLIA.—A state of war existed in East Anglia as I drove through it last week. From Ware to Colchester the winding roads were crowded with the vehicles of the new mechanised army, and though military road discipline was generally good, the sheer weight of abnormal traffic often held one up. There was plenty of time to examine those huge multi-wheeled tractors, with their driving ribbons capable of great speed on tarred roads or broken ground, dragging heavy guns or carrying a complement of specialists. Along the hedges were trailed the telephone lines of signal units, and staff and transport officers buzzed by in their small cars. As I drew near Martlesham, enormously developed since last I saw it, the military activity was of the air arm. The great armada of "invaders" was preparing for its night attack on the defences of London, and when night fell, "the murmur of innumerable bees" was loud enough to make hearing difficult on the telephone and all the sky was a dark screen of slowly moving shooting stars. Exactly twenty-three years ago to a day—can it be a quarter century ago?—I also trekked through this war area in unfamiliar khaki—suspicious of enemy gun emplacements and spy-holes in every lonely Essex farm—and the familiar names, Braintree, Bocking, Kelvedon, Wickham Bishops, brought back some of the spirit of those vanished days and battles long ago. Some of that old Essex remains—the roses and the clover fields are fragrant as ever—but new by-pass roads and new housing needs fulfilled have made of East Anglia a very different country in a quarter century.

WORST JOURNEY—GREATEST BOOK.—A holiday book? I offer you Cherry-Garrard's *Worst Journey in the World* which you can buy at any bookstall in the "Penguin" Series—so appropriate—at 6d. per volume (2). This is surely the best value for money in modern publication without exception or rival. The pleasure it has given me to re-read this classic of Antarctic travel during the past fortnight, is impossible to describe. It was Bernard Shaw who said that the odds against the throwing-up of a literary genius *or* of an epic adventurer of the Drake breed from the common clay of humanity, are about 1,000,000 to 1. The *combination* of the two in one individual implies odds beyond human powers of calculation. Cherry-Garrard combined them. He is the million-billion chance. His book which describes the whole range of Scott's last expedition is superlative in style and matter. It is a book for boys who love adventure and for intellectuals who love knowledge and wisdom, clarity and fine prose. His style is based on knowledge of his subject and on simplicity—the simplicity of the Bible and indeed of all great literature. It is superlative because there are no superlatives—not even to describe the horrors of his winter journey after Emperor penguins. To read him is to gain a grain of manhood, a grain of faith, a grain of hope for humanity, and a little courage to face ordinary difficulties. Some of those heroes who made with him the epic journeys across the Barrier are dead; some are forgotten; some remain alive, remembered or forgotten. None is forgotten while Cherry-Garrard's and Scott's books remain in print and popularity. The question is sometimes still asked: were the results attained worth the agonies endured and the sacrifice of so many splendid lives? Cherry-Garrard supplies the answer, which indeed needs no answer. His book is one of the world's classics.

HOLIDAY READING—SAGAS OF THE SEA.—I received criticism last August from otherwise friendly readers of my list of books for holiday reading. Apparently Trollope and Co. were too old-world or too much lacking in action. I don't know what was wrong with Le Fanu and Wilkie Collins — their thrillers are certainly not lacking in thrills and fireworks. But I have been asked to try again and I still hanker after the Victorians as the best antidote to modern life. I am stimulated to that view by an American business-man correspondent who writes to me that he has been spending a fishing holiday in Canada with Henry Kingsley and Trollope as his authors. It seems he at least wanted

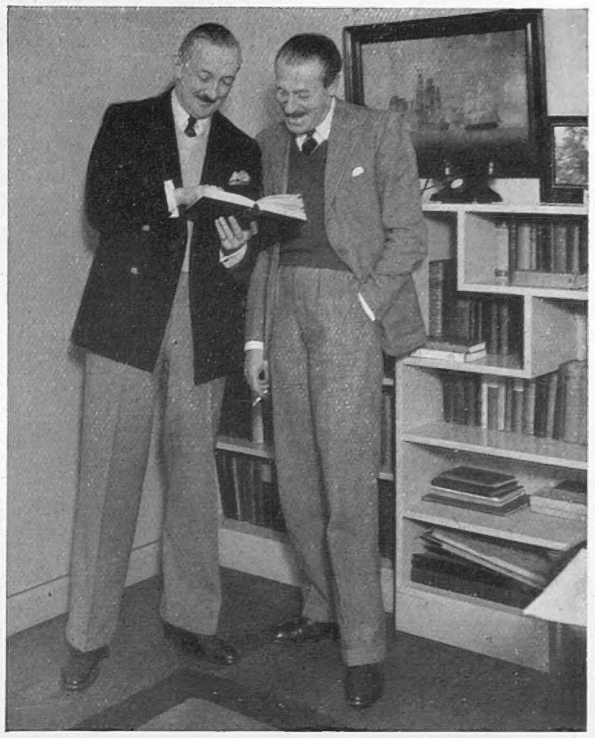
to get away from Main Street and Grand Hotels for a space. This year I have "napped" Cherry-Garrard's Antarctic saga and offer the Victorians at sea. Try Clark Russell's *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*, Snaith's *The Sailor*, Masefield's *Jim Davis*. If you like something as salt but more difficult to read, try Conrad's *Chance Victory* and *Typhoon*. I am concentrating on the sea. The sea deserves its turn following Navy and Merchant Navy Week and some effort by the Government to make up the deficiencies in our naval power.

MERCHANT NAVY'S BETTER LIVING.—In 1896, Mr. Clark Russell, a passionate advocate for improving conditions of life in the Merchant Marine, wrote a letter to the Duke of York (George V), which is published in current editions of his *Wreck of the Grosvenor* (one of your holiday books). That famous sea-classic was written chiefly to show up the horrors of life aboard tramps and "timbermen," with their depleted crews, noisome "harness casks" and

intolerable forecastle quarters. What would Mr. Clark Russell think to-day of the agreed reforms to which perhaps his passionate advocacy in a measure contributed? After seven years of discussion, the Board of Trade has approved regulations which will sweep away the worst and last of still existing horrors. 1. The forecastle will never again be used for seamen's quarters. All must berth aft or amidships, with minimum head space and standards of ventilation and sanitation. 2. All ships exceeding 2,500 tons must provide hospital accommodation. 3. There must be hot water supplies for showers and baths. 4. Recreation space on deck. 5. Mess rooms; table space and food lockers and clothes lockers per man. This is a bright finale to Merchant Navy week. The reforms come about a century too late. What they might have prevented, had they come punctually, in loss of life, in discontent and loss of efficiency, it would be difficult to estimate. The era of sail never knew them. The era of sail—so great in our history—was an era of martyrdom for the men who made us great.

PAINTED NAILS.—The abominable snowmen have melted away in the heat of the Silly Season and the *Times* have given front room space to an admirable Silly Season symposium—the disgusting habit among women of painting their finger- and toe-nails. I have never met a man who has not, if asked, expressed loathing for this horrible fashion of turning nails into blood-stained talons. When, as is too often the case, the women's nails are naturally ugly, ill-shaped or ill-cared for, the effect is positively revolting. But of course it should be recognised that women's fashions were never designed to attract men but to emulate their female rivals. From the symposium it has already emerged: (a) That women have stained their nails for centuries and that the practice was only interrupted by bans imposed by Cromwell and by Queen Victoria; (b) That the practice is new and was adopted in America by women who wished to hide the signs of black blood in their veins; (c) That the practice greatly improves the nation's health, or the health of nails, or perhaps the health of the perfumery and cosmetic trade—it is not clear which. No doubt we shall learn more of the practice, adopted in China in 1000 B.C., improved by Cleopatra, and constantly since that date hankered after by women of fashion all the world over. But the more we hear, the less we shall approve this silly aping of the follies of naked savages.

MOST FAMOUS SAYINGS.—The Silly Season was clearly ushered in this year by the *Telegraph*. The chosen symposium was "The twelve most famous sayings in History," and it ran a splendid course. Why, indeed, should it ever end except by the editor's blue pencil? For the definition is impossible to reach and the sayings are legion. Here are some of the more popular—I have chosen those most commonly current among all classes except the admittedly illiterate; those kinds of sayings which the semi-educated echo without probably much notion of whence they issued. (1) What is Truth? (2) Render under Caesar; (3) Veni, vidi, vici; (4) Et tu, Brute; (5) Be of good cheer, Master Ridley; (6) Honi Soit; (7) Take away that bauble; (8) L'Etat, c'est moi; (9) Fit for a nation of shopkeepers; (10) Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton; (11) England expects; (12) Kiss me, Hardy; (13) C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre; (14) Roll up that map of Europe; (15) How I leave my country! (16) J'y suis, j'y reste; (17) No damned merit; (18) All's lost save honour; (19) The Guard dies but does not surrender; (20) Father, I cannot tell a lie; (21) More light; (22) We are not amused. Perhaps the twelve lie among these two-and-twenty within the intended definition.



THE PASSING OF "SAPPER": One of the last pictures to be taken of Lieut.-Colonel Cyril McNeile (left) whose death has just occurred at the age of forty-nine. As the author of the *Bulldog Drummond* series of thrillers, which for the past decade have entertained such an army of readers, he gained immense popularity and, it seems probable, a large fortune. He was a genial man of great personal charm and remained unspoilt despite his fame as a writer. Pictured with him is Mr. Gerard Fairlie, his close friend and, it has often been said, the original of "Drummond."

COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.—Nothing spoils the fun of the County Cricket Championship so much as international cricket of importance. Those sporting visitors—the New Zealanders—are not of "international importance," and consequently the contesting counties have been able to use their best material largely for their own ends. With the end of the season in sight—and a very jolly season it has proved—there is a real sting left in the tail of it, and Middlesex and Yorkshire are running neck and neck down the straight. With the same number of matches to play, a handkerchief would cover them. Yorkshire is the largest county; Middlesex the most populous. Potentially, Middlesex has the call on the largest (by far) supplies of talent and variety, and it is often a cause of regret to me that that call is often left unanswered or not made. I shall put my money on Yorkshire, although I believe that its strongest characteristic and virtue is the chief obstacle to its success. Its dour obstinacy is sometimes time-wasting. The county that is to win must keep its eye on the clock and go for the runs. It may all turn on a victory snatched against time. Yet I back Yorkshire, while I hope that Middlesex will win.

SELBORNE REPRIEVED.—White's Selborne is reprieved. The by-pass road scheme (which is stated to be mere precaution for possible future needs) will be altered, so as to avoid cutting through the "Wakes" and under the Hangar. Thus Alton Rural District Council has bowed before the storm and it is once more proved that, given time and *influential* objectors, the public can still avert wanton acts of vandalism.

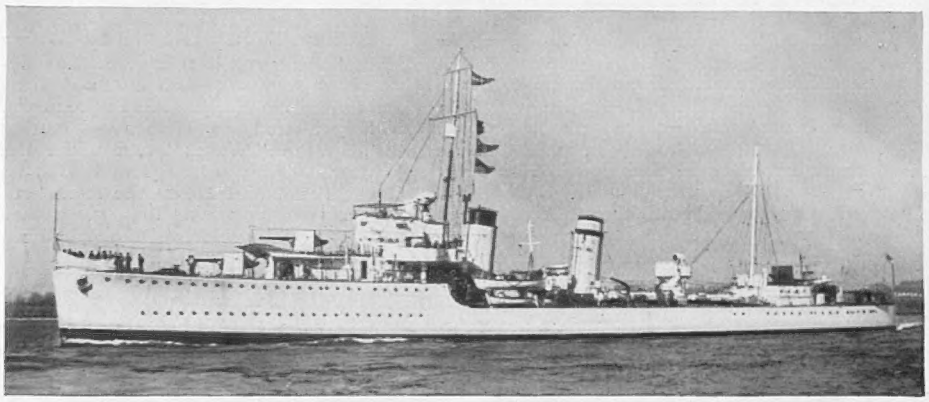
THE OLD STAGER

THE GROUSE REIGNS ONCE MORE: Members of Sir Archibald Moir Park Lyle's party, which included Lord Kelburn (heir to the Earl of Glasgow), trekking to the heights of Riemore during the first day of the season on this Perthshire estate where Sir Archibald always entertains on a big scale. Scotland and Yorkshire did not have ideal weather for the "twelfth," but on some moors fair sport was enjoyed. Grouse, however, were not generally plentiful and as a result the younger birds of the first consignment brought to London by the *Flying Scotsman* fetched 1 guinea apiece as compared with 15s. apiece last year

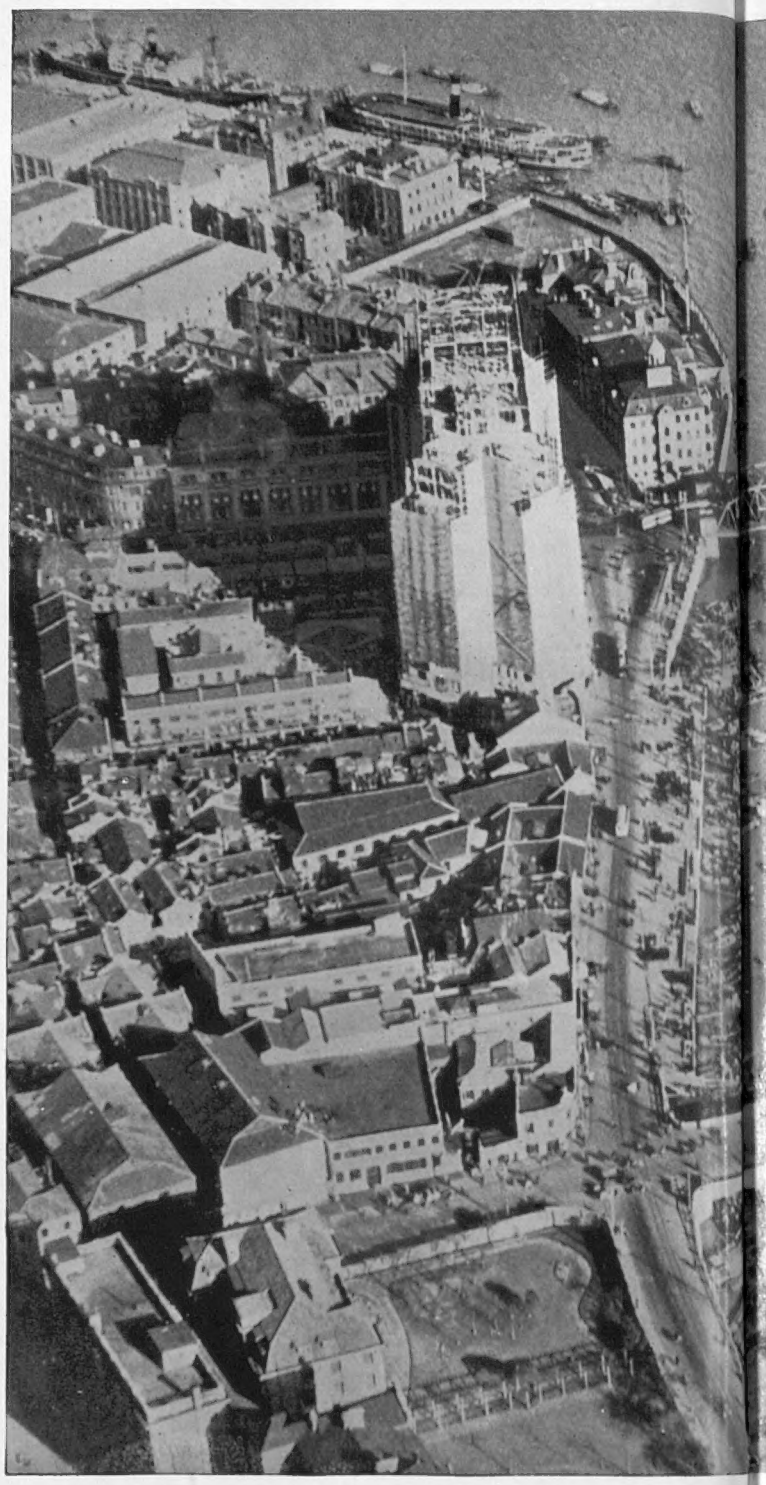
SHANGHAI: CHINA'S

Sights and Scenes in the City where the Sino-Japanese Cla

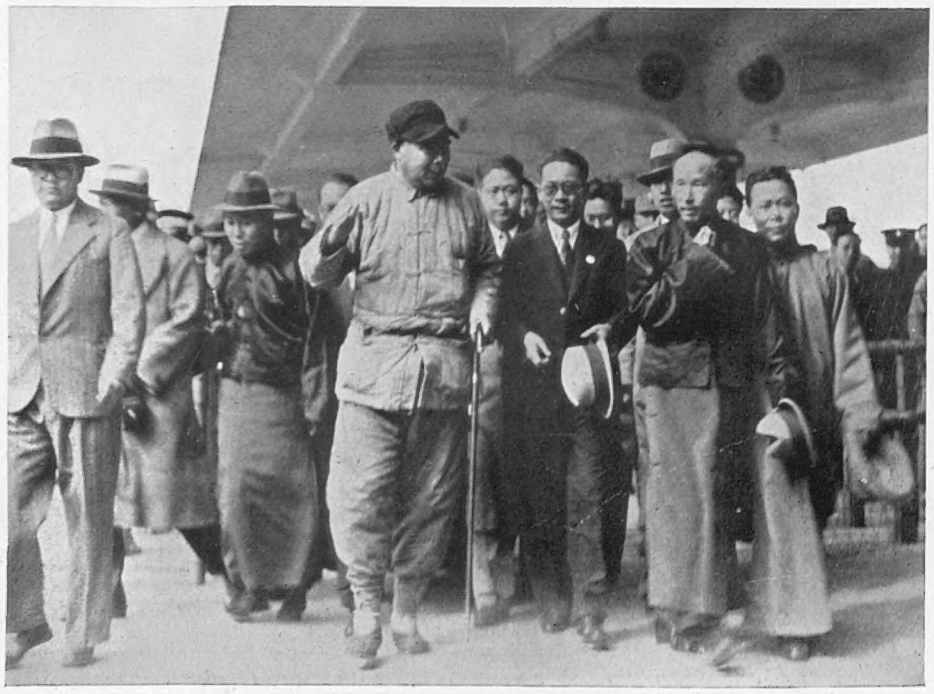
AN EASY MARK: Two of the modern skyscraper buildings that now dot the skyline of Shanghai, China's great port and cosmopolitan city which for a week now has been the scene of fierce engagements between the land, air, and sea forces of Japan and China, while tens of thousands of foreign residents in the International Settlement have been unwilling spectators



PLAYING HER PART IN THE EVACUATION: To the accompaniment of the whine of shrapnel and the incessant rat-tat-tat of machine-guns as Japanese and Chinese forces continued their duel for the city, this British flotilla-leader, H.M.S. *Duncan*, helped to take 800 British and more than 300 American men and women from war-torn Shanghai last Tuesday, conveying them to the safety of the ocean-going liners waiting to receive them some six miles downstream



THE BUSY HEART OF THE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT: An aerial view of the Soochow Creek at the point where it meets the Whangpoo River and is crossed by the steel girdered Garden bridge. This part of central Shanghai was in the forefront of the news last week-end as it was

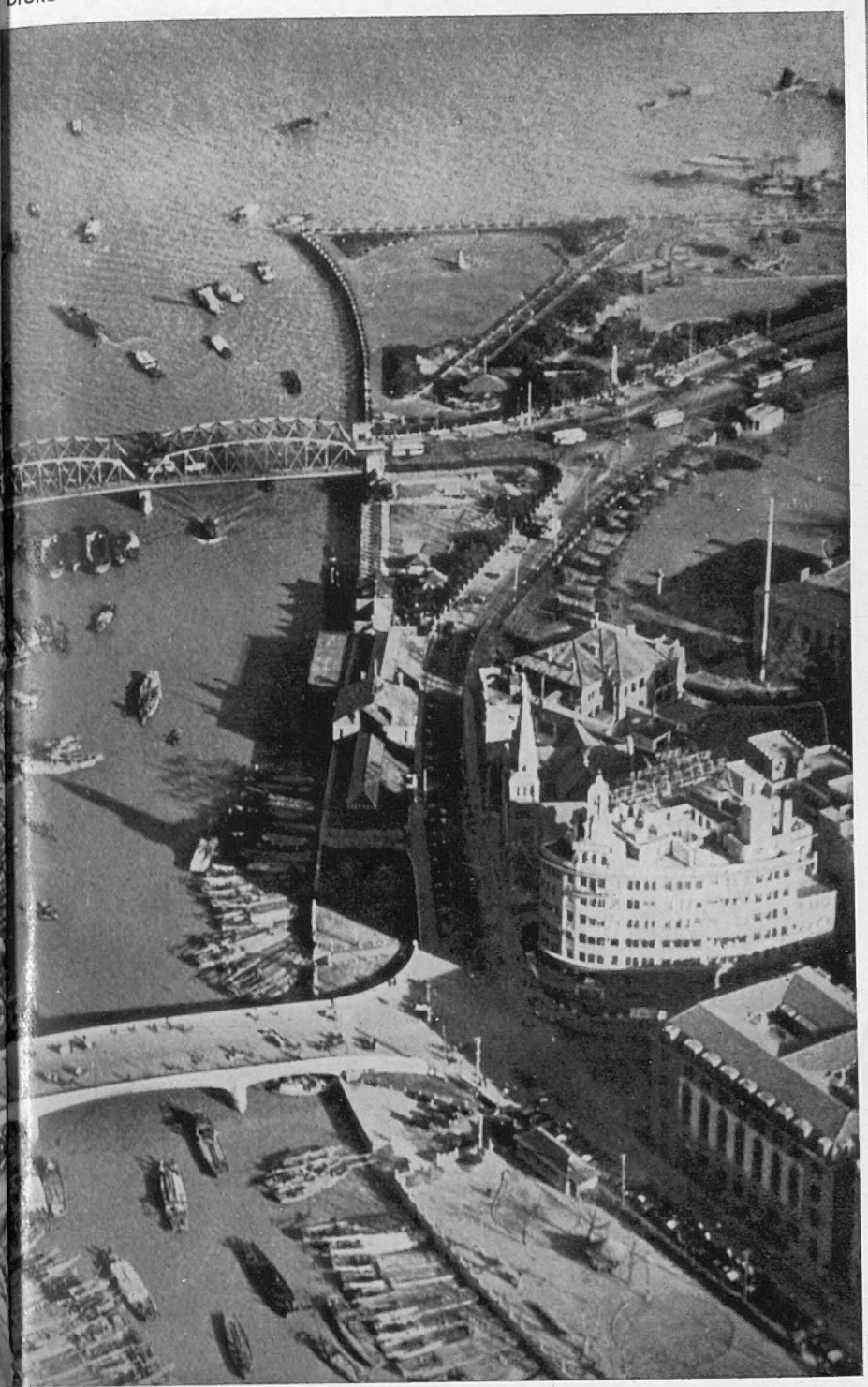


A POTENTIAL FACTOR IN THE SINO-JAPANESE STRUGGLE: General Feng (centre), the Chinese "Christian General," arriving at Nanking to take up his new appointment as Vice-President of the Military Council, thus once again coming into the limelight of national affairs. In the past he has gained a formidable reputation as the zealous suppressor of banditry

WARSHIPS ON THE BUSY WATERS OF THE WHANGPOO: Looking across the river from Pootung, the industrial quarter of Shanghai, where there are a number of important factories, mills, and foundries, to the towering buildings on the Bund and the Quai de France in the International and

BELEAGUERED SEA PORT

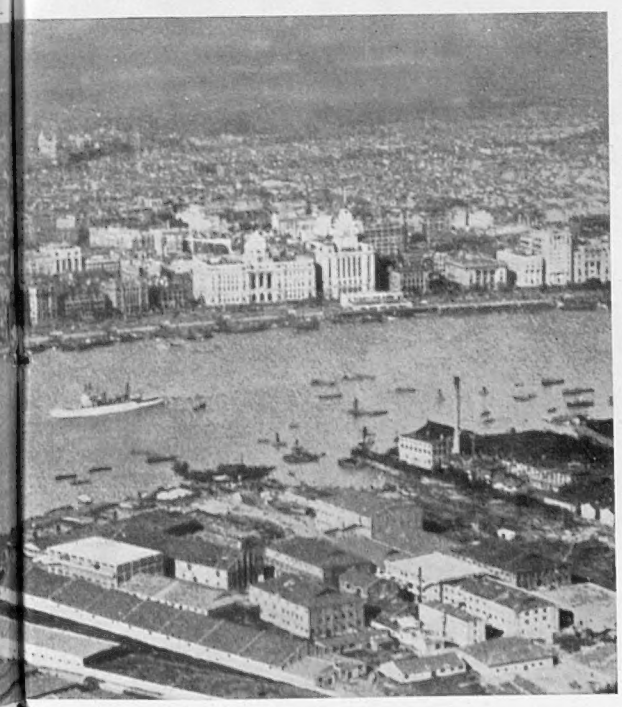
Broke out Anew Last Week and Steps were Taken to Evacuate British Citizens



there that Chinese bombs, which missed the Japanese warship they were aimed at, rained down, creating immense havoc, particularly among Chinese refugees flocking into the Settlement in search of safety. The British Consulate, with a tall flagpole in its garden, is on the right of the picture, while vessels are berthed in the left background near the Japanese Consulate

AND THE TRAFFIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND: An overhead impression of one of the main squares of Shanghai with a police control tower in the centre. The ubiquitous rickshaw often tends to complicate matters

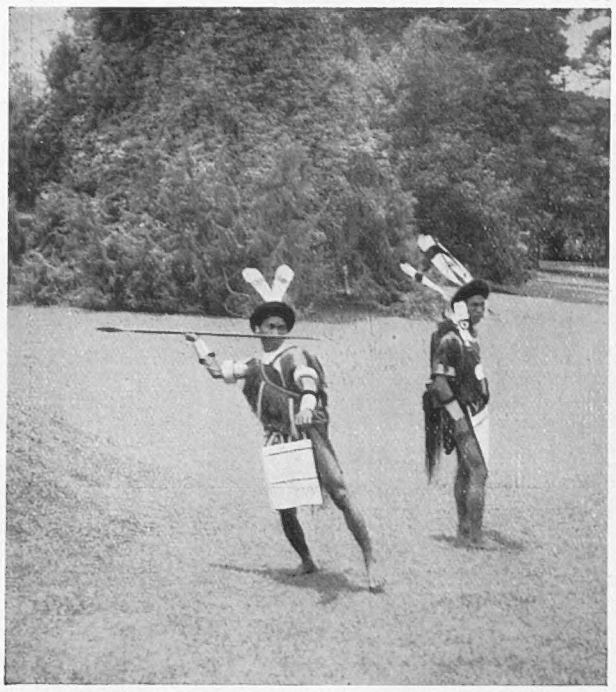
GIANTS OF THE WATERFRONT: A glimpse of some of the great buildings along the Bund, Shanghai's famed commercial thoroughfare on the banks of the Whangpoo. On the extreme left is the Cathay Hotel, owned by Sir Victor Sassoon, and the spire on the extreme right is that of the Custom House



French Settlements, where all the leading foreign business houses are situated. It was at a point on the extreme right of the picture that the Japanese warship, *Idzumo*, was anchored when Chinese bombing 'planes attempted to sink her

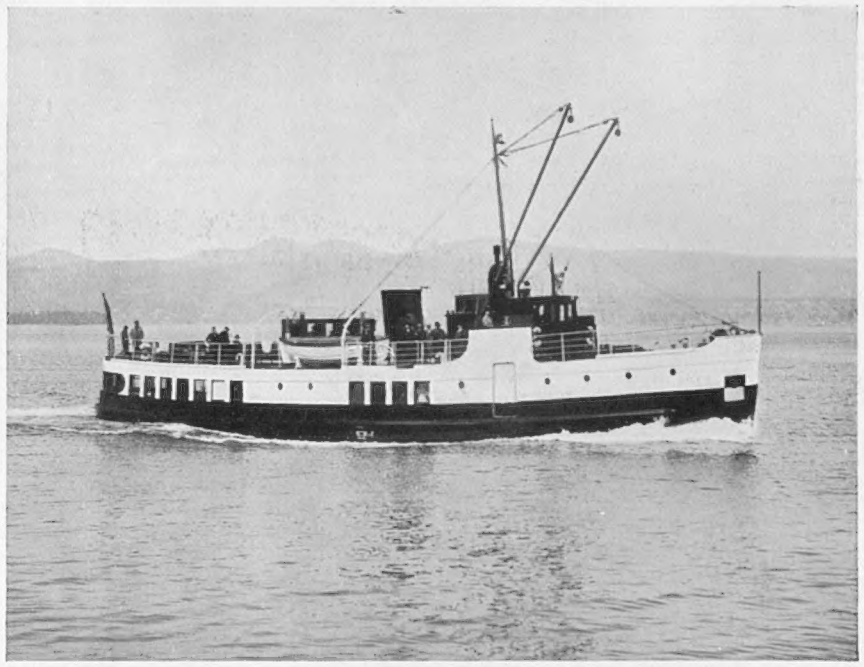
AT THE CENTRE OF CONFLICT: The Japanese Barracks in Hongkew in the northern area of the International Settlement; a strategic point the Japanese have been attempting to hold in the face of terrific odds. The building is said to have 6 ft. thick bomb-proof walls, windows fitted with bullet-proof shutters, and a host of other devices making it impregnable. None the less the Japanese say it is only a temporary structure

The Sphere Surveys the World



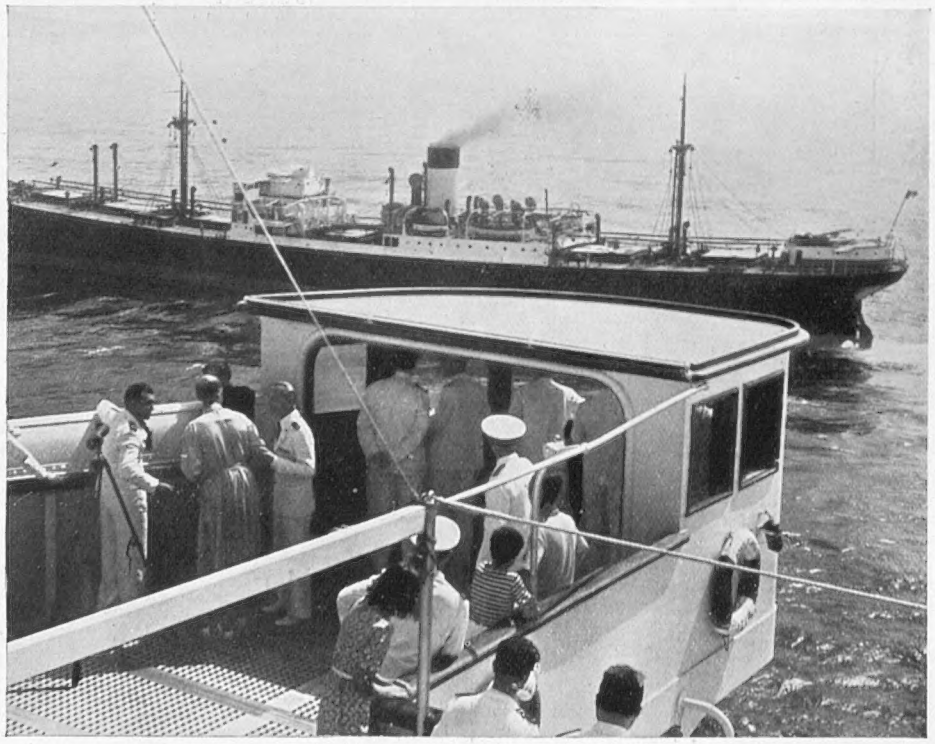
THE VICEROY OF INDIA IN REMOTE ASSAM: *Above*—A Naga tribesman showing his prowess as a spearman at a display given at Government House, Shillong, in honour of Lord Linlithgow's visit, and (*right*) His Excellency handling a native spear. He acquitted himself well. As Assam, which is one of the wildest provinces of the sub-continent, achieved partial autonomy under the new Indian Constitution that came into being last April it was only fitting that the Viceroy should visit the region. He was thus able to learn at close quarters how the revised system of government was working in its initial stages

AFTER 18 INS. OF RAIN HAD FALLEN IN EIGHT HOURS the Sevoke river came down in such spate that this new ferro-concrete bridge (connecting Siliguri with Darjeeling, Bengal) was undermined and suddenly collapsed into the stream, damaged beyond all hope of repair. Several other bridges along the route were also broken or washed away



A TWENTIETH-CENTURY "GOLDEN HIND": This single-screw motor ferryboat of only 199 tons has just finished a trip of 9,600 miles from the Clydeside yards (where she was built) to Vancouver, British Columbia, via the Panama Canal. She was boarded up with planks for the voyage to the Pacific, and arrived at her destination, where she is to be used for harbour passenger-carrying services, in sound condition

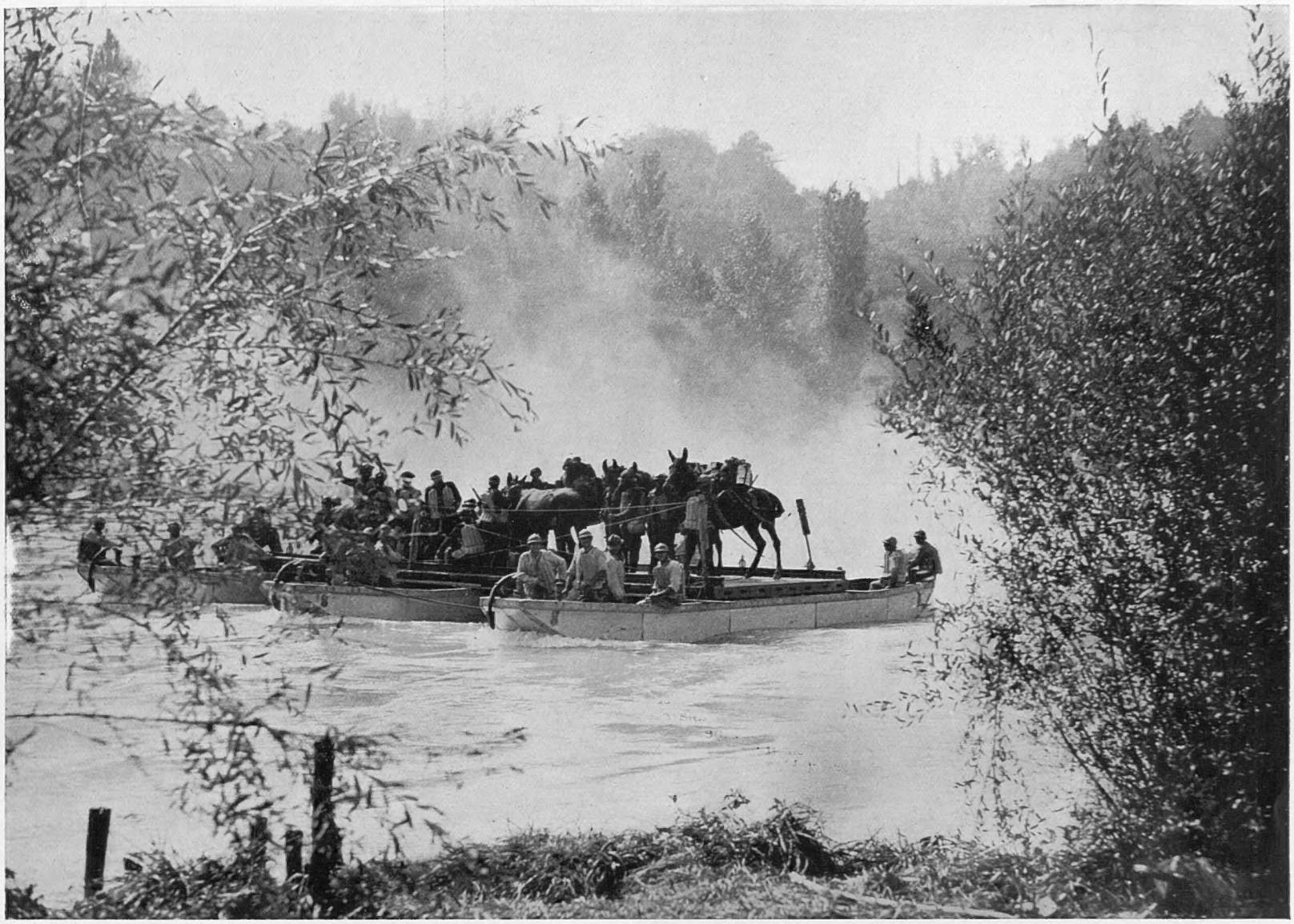
THE EAST MASTERS "THE WESTERN ROLL": Miss Chong Chin Lan, of Selangor, Malaya, who recently broke the all-China high jump record when competing in the Malayan Chinese Olympiad in Singapore and clearing 4 ft. 7⅞ ins. On October 31 she will be in Shanghai and (war allowing) will take part in the Chinese Olympiad



A GIANT TO THE RESCUE: Officers standing on the bridge of the Italian Atlantic liner *Conte di Savoia* as she came to the aid of the Italian cargo vessel *Mongioia* which had been subjected to an intensive attack by Spanish Government bombers. Although the machines circled overhead for an hour they failed to make a direct hit, but the *Mongioia's* captain succumbed to injuries from the flying splinter of a bomb that had dropped in the water nearby

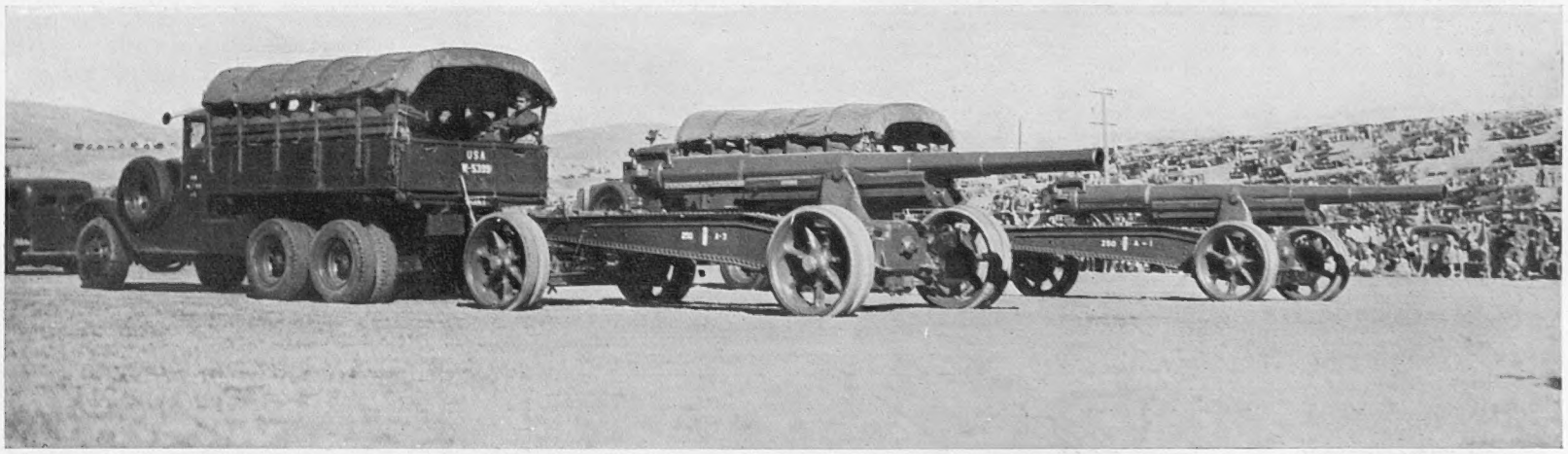
THREE ARMIES HOLD THEIR SUMMER MANŒUVRES

French Artillery Units Cross the Swift-flowing Rhone—U.S. Artillery Fight for Control of the Pacific Coast—Britain's Tank Corps in Action



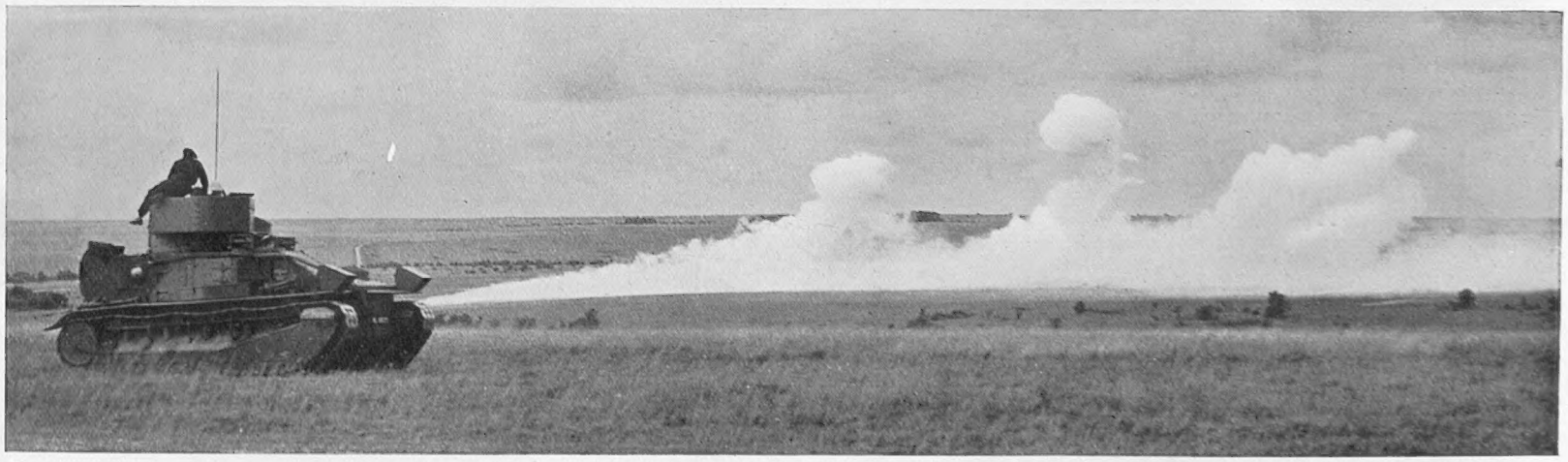
FRANCE

French artillerymen and their mounts crossing the swift-flowing waters of the Rhone during the elaborate military manœuvres held in Haute Savoie, not far from the Swiss and Italian borders. The object of the exercises has been to show how the Jura mountains can best be defended against a determined and well-equipped attacking force



UNITED STATES

These 155-millimetre howitzers were used by the 222nd Field Artillery during the recent large-scale mimic war in the far west of the United States in which 56,000 men fought for control of the Pacific coast. The exercises aroused immense public interest and, as depicted in the background, hosts of motorists drove out from the cities to watch the struggle



BRITAIN

Putting up a smoke screen to cover a tank advance during the 1st Brigade Royal Tank Corps exercises which have been taking place in the neighbourhood of Tilshead on Salisbury Plain and have been showing very clearly the efficiency of Britain's mechanised forces. On pages 300 and 301 of this issue some further British manœuvre pictures will be found

THE BIG THREE: Dr. Shertock, Dr. Weizmann (President of the Congress), and Mr. David Bengurion (Chairman of the Executive) who have been appointed by the 500 delegates to the Zionist World Congress at Zürich to conduct further negotiations with Great Britain with a view to obtaining precise and detailed information on the plan, at present termed "unclear, inadequate, and vague," for the partition and future government of Palestine

The March of ZIONISM

The Royal Commission's Report Tells the Story of the Birth of Jewry's Great Ideal which, as a Result of the Zürich World Congress, is Once Again in the Forefront of World News

Though the final word on the question of the future of Jew and Arab in Palestine must be said at Geneva by the Council of the League of Nations, a certain amount has been done to clarify the issue by the 500 delegates from all parts of the world who have been attending the Zionist Congress at Zürich and for a week have been debating, sometimes bitterly and obstinately but nearly always eloquently, on the future of the Jewish "Home."

It was the task of the Congress to decide what would be the official Jewish attitude towards the partition proposals put forward by the British Government on the basis of the Report of the Royal Commission on Palestine. "For the Congress to reject out of hand the Government's policy," states a "Times" leader, "would have been fruitless and tactless. Yet Dr. Weizmann, the ardent and statesmanlike leader of the Zionist movement, had a stiff struggle with a large minority of his followers who would have rejected unconditionally the idea of dividing Palestine. This minority of a third of the delegates bitterly attacked what they called the British abandonment of the Balfour pledge. They denied that the Mandate was unworkable, maintained that Arab co-operation with the Jews was possible, and protested that the proposed partition would be a disastrous blow to the religious and economic interests of Jewish settlers. Fortunately for the future of Zionist negotiations with the British Government the Congress decided against the minority. By 300 votes to 158 it authorised the newly elected executive to negotiate with the British Government about the precise details of the proposed partition settlement."

In this way the door has been left open for full and proper negotiation and, thanks to Dr. Weizmann's handling of the situation, there is continued unity within the Zionist organisation.

At this juncture it may be of interest to look into the beginnings of Zionism, and perhaps the clearest exposition of all is to be found in the following pertinent extracts from the historical portion of the report of the Palestine Royal Commission:—

"ZIONISM entered the field of practical politics when in 1897 Theodor Herzl, a Viennese playwright and journalist, spurred to action by the Dreyfus Case, convened a congress of World Jewry at Basle and founded the Zionist Organisation. As its first President he set himself to obtain a charter for Jewish colonisation in Palestine from the Sultan of Turkey; but, as the Turks had already shown a marked dislike of the increase in Jewish immigration since the early 'eighties, he realised the necessity of obtaining the backing of a powerful European Government, and for that he turned to England. The idea of re-establishing the Jews in Palestine had attracted more attention there than elsewhere. As long ago as 1840 Lord Shaftesbury had proposed a scheme of Jewish colonisation under international guarantee as a means of utilising the 'wealth and industry of the Jewish people' for the economic development of a backward area. George Eliot and Laurence Oliphant had clearly stated and warmly advocated the Zionist ideal. Among English Jews its most prominent champions had been the young Disraeli and Sir Moses Montefiore. But the British Government was not in a position to force Zionism on the Sultan; and, apart from the sending of an expedition to explore the part of Sinai which lay within the Egyptian frontier, no practical advance was made till in 1903, at the instance of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, then at the Colonial Office, the Foreign Secretary, Lord Lansdowne, was authorised to offer the Zionists a tract of country in the highlands of British East Africa for the creation of a Jewish colony with full powers of local autonomy under the British Government's 'general control.' It was a remarkable offer, and it tempted many Zionists. But the majority vehemently opposed it. To them it was inconceivable that the Jews could re-establish their national life in any other country than the old homeland; and, assisted by a not very favourable report on the conditions in East Africa, they easily carried the day.

"Thus it was still on Palestine and only on Palestine that the hopes of Zionism were fixed when the World War broke out and when the entry into it of the Turkish Empire on the side of the Central Powers made it evident that, by the end of the fighting, the control of Palestine and its destinies might have passed from Turkish into other hands.

"The entry of the Turkish Empire into the war excited the hopes of Jewish as well as Arab nationalism. An Allied victory, it seemed, would open the way to a Jewish return to Palestine on a far larger scale than had hitherto been regarded as practicable. The Zionist leaders, therefore, incorporated their ideas in a definite scheme to be submitted to the Allied Governments at the first favourable moment. One serious obstacle in their path, the opposition of the Czarist Russian Government, was losing its force by the end of 1916; and in February, 1917, when the British advance on Palestine was imminent, formal negotiations were opened between the Zionists and the British Government. Similar negotiations ensued with the French and Italian Governments. In Paris and Rome as in London the Zionist project was officially approved. The publication of this approval was delayed till at the end of October, 1917, the success of General Allenby's invasion of Palestine seemed certain. On November 2 the British Government published a statement of policy, afterwards known as the 'Balfour Declaration,' which took the form of a letter from Mr. Balfour, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to Lord Rothschild:—

'I have much pleasure in conveying to you on behalf of His Majesty's Government the following declaration of sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations, which has been submitted to and approved by the Cabinet:

'His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.'

"The text of the Declaration had been submitted to President Wilson and had been approved by him before its publication. On the 14th February and the 9th May, 1918, the French and Italian Governments publicly endorsed it.

"Like the McMahon Pledge, the Balfour Declaration was not an expression of a wholly new sentiment. Just as British public opinion had sympathised before the War with the victims of the old Ottoman regime, so it had sympathised with the victims of anti-Semitic persecution. But in both cases the time and manner in which these sympathies were translated into action were determined by the exigencies of the War. In the evidence he gave before us Mr. Lloyd George, who was Prime Minister at the time, stated that, while the Zionist cause had been widely supported in Britain and America before November, 1917, the launching of the Balfour Declaration at that time was 'due to propagandist reasons'; and he outlined the serious position in which the Allied and Associated Powers then were. The Roumanians had been crushed. The Russian Army was demoralised. The French Army was unable at the moment to take the offensive on a large scale. The Italians had sustained a great defeat at Caporetto. Millions of tons of British shipping had been sunk by German submarines. No American divisions were yet available in the trenches. In this critical situation it was believed that Jewish sympathy or the reverse would make a substantial difference one way or the other to the Allied cause. In particular Jewish sympathy would confirm the support of American Jewry, and would make it more difficult for Germany to reduce her military commitments and improve her economic position on the eastern front.

"Those were the circumstances in which the British Government issued the Balfour Declaration."

MORE CLENCHED FISTS: These French children, some of whom are seen making the now familiar Communist sign used so much by the Basque refugees, are among the 2,000 youngsters from five countries staying at the International Peace Camp on the Sussex Downs at Ovingdean. There has been not a little criticism from local residents of the behaviour of the children and of the camp organisation

WOMEN AT WORK AND PLAY

THEIR C.-IN-C.: The Duchess of Gloucester pictured during her inspection at Annan, Dumfriesshire, of two battalions of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, of which regiment she is Colonel-in-Chief. With Her Royal Highness was General Macfarlane

FROM MITTEL EUROPA—*An attractive visitor to last week's Horse Show and Gymkhana held in Victoria Park, Haywards Heath, under the auspices of the Mid-Sussex Horticultural Society was Fraulein Gery Turnovsky who hails from Czechoslovakia. She is a great riding enthusiast*

PROGRESS OF A CARNIVAL QUEEN: Miss Yvonne Lower arriving with her Maids of Honour at the Redoubt Gardens for her coronation; one of the highlights of Eastbourne's hospital carnival which, being held in ideal weather at the height of the season, must have proved a big success

FROM SUNNY FLORIDA—*Miss Polly Lux, twenty-five-year-old American business woman, is in London buying waxwork models for the World's Fair of 1939 in New York. She is a big property owner in Miami and is reputed to have made a million dollars in real estate*

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ONLY FOUR MILES FROM THE MADRID FIRING LINE: Rebel soldiers enjoying a swim in a pool built by themselves. The place has been thronged during the long summer months and particularly during the recent heat wave, when temperatures in Spain were over 100 deg.

A LITTLE GAIETY IN THE MIDST OF TURMOIL: A dancer, clad in national costume, entertaining soldiers from the Casa del Campo sector of Madrid

MADRID'S SHELL-CONSCIOUS CHILDREN: Youngsters hiding in a dry culvert during the almost daily bombardment by the besieging guns which have been pounding the city ever since the beginning of the year

GAS MAINS AND ELECTRICITY CABLES are not functioning in parts of Madrid and the cooking is often done in street kitchens, the "ranges" being made from paving blocks

UNDER FIRE IN VALENCIA

The Experiences of a Reuter Correspondent who has Spent Six Months in the Capital of Government-held Spain: The Art of Being Shell-Conscious

WHICH is the more endurable, to be shelled from stationed guns or to be bombed from the air? The results, to be sure, are indistinguishable—if one is hit. But there are moments early in the risk when the hunger is intense to know what is happening—when knowing may, just possibly, save your life.

I lived in Valencia from January to July, went through a major bombardment of the city from enemy ships at sea and then survived a period of air-bombing. In each attack from 60 to 270 of my neighbours were killed or wounded. I was able to observe the effects of terror not only in others but in myself. And it was part of my job (I was Reuter's correspondent) to assess the grounds for terror.

The first sea bombardment of Valencia occurred early this year at ten in the evening. It was during a period of the Spanish war that seems remote now; later, conscription and a tightening of Government control were to make great changes. The Government army was still an ill-strung chain of volunteer groups struggling at isolated points on the vast checkerboard of Spain. The fighting was often remarkable for courage, but rarely for discipline; only around Madrid had the defence matured into a dogged routine. As a capital, Valencia was striving to replace the age-old authority of Madrid. Sometimes control faltered. It was, of course, a society in ferment. Ministers touched the reins of power through trade unions; working-class leaders laboured with university professors, a few educated women, a few liberal aristocrats; great palaces whose walls were hung with silk and chintz and old masters, and whose owners had vanished, served as office buildings; small proprietors, grown rich in the fruit trade, lived unhappily throughout the city with sons and daughters swept away by enthusiasm for a new social order; the streets were full of an army of individualists; refugees poured in. Fugitives came from bombed villages nearer the front, from the impoverished medieval Spain that lies behind the rich coastal plain. They demanded safety, food, a relief from bewilderment. Until the middle of last February the enemy let them have what they sought.

Then on a foggy evening two armed cruisers paused for half an hour outside the Valencia breakwater and poured big shells into the hive.

I was a stranger to bombardments, even to their terminology of "shelling" and "bombing." Feeling my way along a street darkened mainly out of fear of aircraft, when the first shells came I looked toward the sky and said "bombs!" My companion, a veteran of the strafing of Madrid by land batteries in the suburbs, muttered "shells!"—and ran. He had detected instantly the long moan of projectiles travelling laterally. He had calculated their probable point of departure—the sea, some miles to the east; and I was dragged clear of walls that might topple on us from the east. We were lucky enough to find shelter on the ground floor of a building whose facade toward the sea was low and whose higher landward side would, if struck, fall away from us. Again we were safer.

Other refugees pressed in—lodgers from above who, lacking a hole in the earth, instinctively came as near as possible to the earth itself.

So the veteran reduced our chances of death. It was a first lesson in the technique of not getting shelled. My friend was right about the prime danger of falling walls. Those who were killed or hurt that night—between fifty and sixty died—were pinioned beneath walls. Only by mobility and the use of our wits had we improved our chances. One shell found a weak place in a side of the children's ward in a hospital and toppled it completely over.

Shelling of the capital stopped for some reason. But on thick nights unseen raiders on the dark Mediterranean were likely to pepper the petrol reserves in the port three miles away or to drop what missiles they could on factories along the coast. After one such raid I measured a hole in the roof of a sculptor's studio at the seaside, and with the artist himself ate the remains of three hens from a chicken-run below his window. Sole victims in that family, these fowl had intercepted a projectile after it came through the artist's roof and over his bed. . . . But across the street it was a woman and her two children who had died; farther on, the chemical tank in a factory had been hit and a workman asphyxiated.

Then one misty night as the correspondents shouted the news of a cabinet crisis over the single telephone to London, a terrific smash shook the earth under us. From our balcony we saw lights moving high up. Those who dared to give a long look made out a bomber flanked by scouts on either side. Five planes rushed along in formation. The bomber was identified later—a Breda 46 of Italian make. The first roar was the loudest: a termite bomb had exploded in the next block. Dropping projectiles at intervals of not more than 90 seconds, the raiders followed a path over the business section, over the poor quarter, over a harbour full of shipping and out to sea. Air ports on Majorca lay distant only 70 or 80 minutes.

This was a different sort of raid. No one had a safe side to manœuvre oneself to; the manna was dropped on walls parallel to the sky on roofs that blanketed one beneath, as the cover might do on some sort of infernal bed. There was no warning, no chance to burrow into the earth or to take advantage of the municipal bunkers. Though bomb-shelters were being hurriedly built, few were completed at that time. Valencia as yet had no "ears," either—that electrically sensitised structure which opens out like a great lily of wire and which, when a number is stationed around a city, give warning of planes many miles away.

Some ninety persons were killed outright in this raid, with nearly 200 crippled. The path of the raiders was marked by a singular appearance. Tallish building after tallish building had had its top knocked, literally, into a cocked hat. An upper story hung rakishly over the others, dribbling lath and plaster; sometimes the back of the roof had been broken by a bomb in the middle and an uncouth gap opened horizontally along the eaves. Or a missile had sliced off the corner of an upper story like a wedge of cake; half a bedroom was revealed whose other half lay in the street. Nearly always the damage began at the top and went down.

Immediately there was, of course, a general exodus from upper stories. Foreign embassies deserted their Valencia establishments for the surrounding villages—the British chargé d'affaires having, for one, received instructions to do so.

A second and worse attack came. I had been working late and in the dark hour before dawn had risen from a chair to go to bed. A crash appallingly near stopped me, then another and another. I reached the lobby of my hotel in pyjamas and a street coat; others crowded down the stairs in odder attire than that. I stepped over two officers lying face down on the lobby carpet; at the front they had learned that low-lying bodies offer the least surface to shrapnel.

The raiders had taken advantage of the last minutes of the night; outside there was now a dim light.

I hugged the walls on my way to the plaza. There still stood the Bank of Spain, the City Hall that was serving as the national Cortes (or Parliament), and the Telefonica, from which telephone lines radiated through the world. They had aimed at the bank and missed. Though the Telefonica was unscathed, magnesium flamed away on a roof next door from an incendiary bomb that had lodged there. The Cortes pile presented a curious face to the world. A heap of rubble boiled out of its front door. The building looked as I have seen many treated fish look, viscera escaping through the gill mouths. A 200-lb. bomb had slanted through the glass dome and the explosion had propelled the entire grand staircase through an entrance into the street. Committee rooms, parliament hall, a porter's lodge inside where a child slept—all these lay intact, outside the missile's path.

In the press room that week we canvassed our chances of life if air-bombing should continue to alternate with shelling. Under shelling we were, manifestly, safer. In a city liable to attack it is always known from which direction shelling is possible and, if your wits and your legs are active, you will learn the facts early and stay away from the wrong side of walls. To-day the population of Madrid is a product of this education. Madrid is shell-conscious. Its sense of manœuvre is developed. The inhabitants are defiant—but not carelessly defiant; and they are proud of the record they hold in beleaguered Spain. The monthly mortality during (at periods) daily shelling has been lower than that registered during a few hours in the major air raids over Spanish cities.

Griffin Barry

MADRID CARRIES ON: Despite the Incessant Rebel Bombardments

READY FOR THE CROWNING EMERGENCY: The top of one of Madrid's formidable stone and concrete street barricades; part of an elaborate breastwork system built in the city during the past few months in order to bar the way effectively to General Franco's troops should they by any chance succeed in penetrating the at present well-held outer ring of defences

IN THE HEART OF THE BELEAGUERED CITY: Youngsters riding without paying fares on the back of a Madrid tram. Services still continue with fairly normal regularity and indeed in every phase of life the citizens are attempting to carry on as usual. After months of bombardment they would seem to have become inured to the daily peril

On right—
WALLING UP A MADRID MONUMENT in order to protect it against shell fire

THE LIGHTER SIDE: *Left*—Citizens still continue their old habit of sitting outside their doors during the long summer evenings, even the ever present danger of bursting shells failing to deter these folk, who carry on so stoically in the midst of the upheaval. *Right*—The "Romanceros," or modern-day troubadours, go from house to house singing songs of war and heroism, the words for the most part derived from actual happenings during the present internecine struggle

THE NEW DISCIPLINE: Recruits marching through the streets of Madrid on the way to take up quarters at a training barracks. The days of the militia are long since past when men fought haphazardly and without unity in the defence of the city and everywhere unbelievable chaos prevailed. Now strict army conditions obtain in the ranks of the volunteers who are slowly but surely being welded into well drilled fighting units under officers whose orders must be obeyed

THE BOMBARDMENT OF

The City, Thirty Miles from Peiping, Which Figured in

WHERE JAPANESE ARTILLERY CONCENTRATED: The damaged east gateway of Wanpinghsien, a city near Peiping, after it had been subjected to heavy fire in the first days of the Sino-Japanese clash in North China. The stonework stood up to the bombardment fairly well, but the wooden superstructure was pounded almost right out of existence

THE MARCO POLO BRIDGE, outside the gates of Wanpinghsien, which was the scene of the first heavy fighting in the Sino-Japanese clash, is substantially in the same condition to-day as when it astounded the great Venetian traveller centuries ago. It appears that the trouble started there last month as the Chinese opened fire after mistaking for a real attack what was a sham attack on the bridge by Japanese (who were engaged in field exercises)

WANPINGHSIEN'S SHATTERED EASTERN GATEWAY: The heavily studded door after it had been levelled to the ground in the Japanese bombardment of the city. Rifles, machine guns, and artillery were used by both sides in a battle lasting about five hours, the Japanese casualties numbering ten,

AFTERMATH: *Above* An unexploded Japanese shell picked up in the streets of Wanpinghsien after the great bombardment which destroyed a number of important buildings in the city including (as depicted *on right*) the offices of the Mayor. The clash there was prolonged by the fact that the Chinese, who had been ordered by their officers to withdraw, opened fire again and thus kept the conflict raging for another day. It is not known whether or no they mistook their orders intentionally

THE MAYOR OF WANPINGHSIEN listening to an eye-witness account of the battle for the city. A scene in his battered office in the administrative building which was heavily shelled and suffered very considerable damage

WANPINGHSIEN

the Early Stages of the Sino-Japanese Clash

including two officers killed, and the Chinese numbering about 200. After the cessation of fire the Japanese demanded the withdrawal of the Chinese from the city, but this was not effected until some further heated exchanges had taken place later in the day

HIS FAVOURITE WEAPON: A soldier of the 29th Route Army, which took part in the Wanpinghsien clash, engaged in sharpening his sword during a lull in the fighting. The Chinese are highly skilled in the use of these big swords and, according to press reports, have been employing them frequently instead of the rifles and bayonets with which they are also equipped. They did so, for instance, at Yungtingmen last month, driving off an equal force of Japanese with great daring

On right—GUARDIAN OF THE MARCO POLO BRIDGE: A Chinese soldier on duty near the sandbagged parapet. The bridge, which is built of marble, has eleven graceful arches spanning the turbulent Yungting river, and its balustrading is adorned with a host of interesting sculptures. It dates from the twelfth century

HITLER'S MOUNTAIN AERIE: *Above and on right*—Two impressions of the Berghof, the German Chancellor's home in the Bavarian Alps, where he now transacts so much State business that a block of offices for his secretaries has been built nearby. The Führer has no liking for Berlin and has evidently resolved to live in this southern retreat for the greater part of the year

THE BERGHOF "MOUNTAIN COURT"

Chancellor Hitler's Home at Berchtesgaden in the Bavarian Alps Vies with Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse as the Real Political Centre of the Third Reich

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN all Europe at the present moment there can be no place more thronged for its size than Berchtesgaden; certainly none holding crowds as awed as they are odd, as thrilled as they are colourful.

This is the season when all holiday-making Germany that is true Nazi would pass below what is fast becoming the nation's symbolic spot—the Bavarian mountain home of Herr Hitler, situate 3,000 ft. in the Alps o'ertopping the Austria that he would absorb. The excursionists—the pilgrims—teem into the little spa, not so long ago off the map, from every quarter of the Reich and increasingly from foreign countries, though here, perhaps, at least as much from curiosity as awe.

You can hardly get through the main street, for charabancs, hikers, cyclists, motor-ditto, "garrys," cars, taxis, "S.S." lorries, and police vehicles, Hitler Youth and Maidens, tourists, solid Teuton peasantry, locals and, one has no doubt, a modicum of the elderly come thither to take the waters.

A cross between Oberammergau with a dash of Lourdes plus continental Cup Final. (Quel cocktail.) The inns, hotels, souvenir and beer places are packed from morn to night. A vast car park, with many GB signs, is sternly controlled on the adjacent edge of the lovely König See. Yet it is the simple strolling about the live-long day of endless pilgrims, in which youth predominates, that strikes one most. For there is really nothing much to do save send off oceans of picture postcards, photograph your companions picturesquely (though precious little else!), drink beer and—use binoculars.

There never can have been such binocular work in a confined space. All they are studying is a white smudge set in the hillside forest 1,500 ft. above them. Yet how they study. For—*he is there*!

You hear ardent youth swearing they can pick him out, which is nonsense. Yet it is quite true that he is there somewhere, because he almost always is now.

THE curious thing about these transfixed Germans is that so few of them seem to be aware that they are no longer looking at the fabled Hans Wachenfels, where the Führer used to be modestly looked after by his sister, but at a much more pretentious affair rechristened the Berghof. In the past year the transformation has been effected from an average-size chalet, capable of giving hospitality to four guests, to an indeterminate architectural affair capable of holding fifty guests, secretaries, chauffeurs, guards, servants and whatnot. "Mountain Court" is a veritable fastness, diplomatic city on its own on its private alp, and many see in its decisive growth two things: Herr Hitler's resolve to live there for most of the year and the likelihood of Berchtesgaden emerging as the veritable capital of the Reich in any war that might come.

On right—THE BERGHOF'S ANNEXE where the German Chancellory officials work when Chancellor Hitler is in residence, thus saving unnecessary lengthy daily communication with the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin. Further building development is also foreshadowed, the Führer having designed a luxury hotel which is to be erected at neighbouring Obersalzburg to provide accommodation for State visitors and Nazi pilgrims

There is but one other spot that Hitler likes at all comparably, for the repose that it gives and which he so requires: Godesberg on Rhine, yet if he flies over there from time to time that is in a measure traceable to sentimental reasons, a nostalgia of the past, for it was at Godesberg facing the Seven Hills that people were kindest to him when his fortunes were seemingly at their lowest ebb a decade and more ago.

The Führer is well known to recoil from Berlin, which jars him, and he uses his Munich flat only for the transit of a night. No matter where he may be in Germany, on State business, if Hitler can get to Berchtesgaden by air before nightfall, be sure he will do it. Actually he circulates less and less and summons people more and more to the Berghof which is become a supplanter of the Wilhelmstrasse, with chancellory offices in which work Secretaries Lammers and Meissner who normally should be the big permanent Foreign Office fry in Berlin. All the rest come there, too, on the instant, Goering and Goebbels, Blomberg and Ribbentrop, Fritsch and Raeder, Frick and Schacht, Beck and Ley.

LEY, who runs the Labour Front, this summer started a stunt at the Berghof, which has not gone so well. Incorporated in his job is the "Strength through Joy" movement by which many million Germans are carted all over the country, and even the high seas, at a ridiculous figure. All terribly sheep-like and regimented but for a bagatelle. Of course the Strength-through-Joyers throng Berchtesgaden and the notably ex-servicemen the Leader has of late received, that details have percolated.

Hitler designed the place himself, with expert technical aid. Remember architecture has long been his hobby. His den at the Berghof is a special studio to which he retires every afternoon, and he not only draws and conjures popular dwellings, but great roads and buildings by which he hopes the regime shall remain indelibly imprinted. But this is to anticipate . . . .

Built into the mountainside, the first floor level with the ground at the back, the Berghof in the first instance gives admirable garage space and bomb-proof "cellarage." All this is under the jutting terrace that faces north because the sun from the south is otherwise too hot in summer. Flanking the mansion on either side are the new secretarial offices which are sound-proofed. The first floor is given over to social rooms and an abidingly popular central hall or lounge. The dining-room takes up one whole corner of the building and like the hall has a decorative scheme of Roman arches above and medieval German stonework below. There is also a room marked "smoking" because the host can't stand it, which is apt to be unfortunate when, as often, he carries on with his guests until the early hours.

ON the second floor are the main guest-rooms and Hitler's own cut-off suite, which includes that den. If he often talks for hours, and may love company, there can be days when none shall pass the threshold of his private rooms or impinge upon his rambles without. It is a standing joke that each guest-room has among its telephone buttons one marked "Führer." No one apparently has yet been known to use it, though it may come with, say, a transatlantic guest or two in the future. The guest-rooms, by the way, are of the non-luxury, first-class, simple hotel variety, and all the service is done by white-jacketed stewards. Hitler's own rooms look towards his beloved Salzburg, and there is small doubt but that more than mere nostalgia on the part of an exile for his native land caused him to implant himself so definitely at this spot. Austria is scarce two miles away, and quite a lot of Austrians must remain constantly aware of Hitler's vigil high above; the desired psychological effect is fairly clear.

Since last year the whole estate and its approaches have been recast. It covers

(*Continued on page* 318)

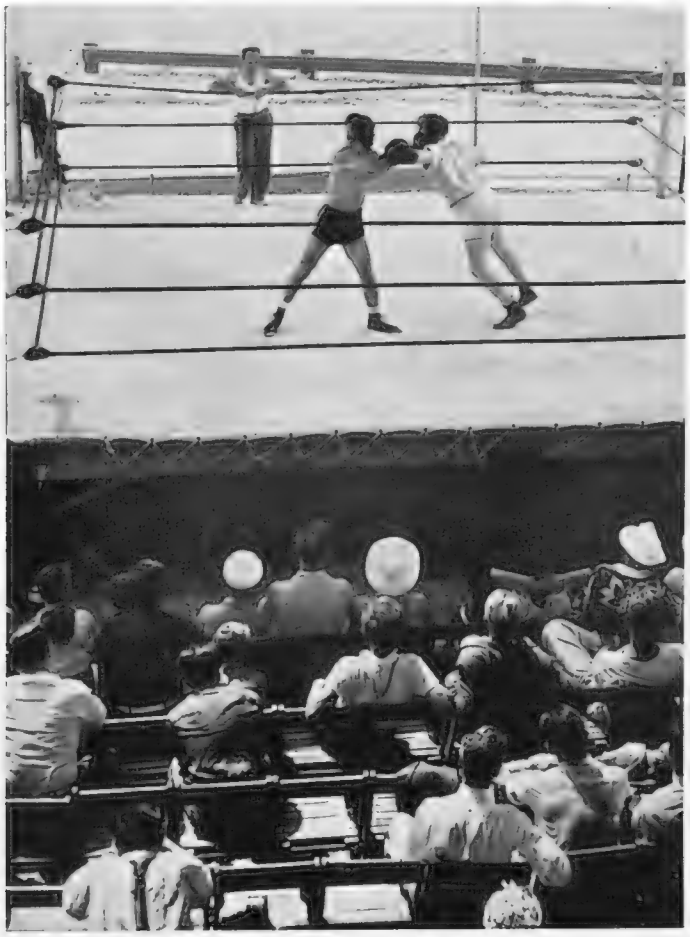
Führer was prevailed upon to allow several thousand to collect right under his terrace, rarest of privileges to be permitted within the vast domain. As I heard it, he surveyed the multitude, spoke a word or two, turned and strolled slowly back into the house. They were nearly all old, and women at that! Not his electrical contact.

Much mystery surrounds the interior and lay-out of the Berghof. In the indigenous press only vague dithyrambics appear. It is through foreign guests,

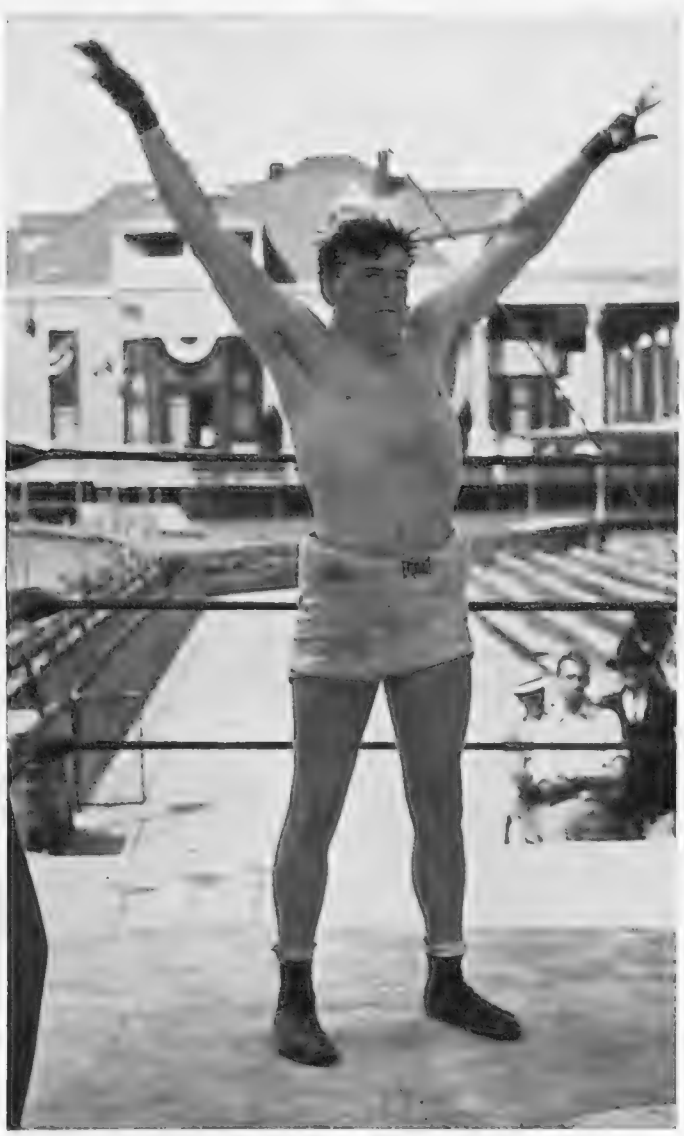
GUARDIAN OF THE BERGHOF: A steel helmeted sentry on duty on the terrace outside the chalet

FARR TUNES UP FOR HIS BIG TITLE FIGHT

Britain's Hope in Training at Long Branch, New Jersey, for His Contest on August 26 with Joe Louis, the Negro Holder



"SOME GUY; I LIKE HIM. HE WOULD NOT BLINK IF THE ROOF HIT HIM" was Jack Dempsey's summing-up of Tommy Farr, British and Empire heavyweight champion, when he saw him do a work-out at his Long Branch training quarters last week in preparation for his world-title fight at the Yankee Stadium, New York, against the negro holder, Joe Louis. *On the left*—Farr (wearing white shorts) is seen in action with one of his sparring partners and *on the right* is a close-up of this rugged fighter whose powerful physique, superb physical condition, and supreme confidence have brought him so suddenly to a position of eminence in the boxing world. He is shown in protective headgear for sparring. American critics, who were at first sceptical of Farr's prowess, have now changed their minds



EPITOME OF PHYSICAL PERFECTION: Tommy Farr doing his exercises in the training ring at Long Branch. His condition has been much admired and, when the big day comes, there is no doubt that he will have done everything possible to get into perfect trim. He is so confident of success that he has wagered £500 on himself

THE CHALLENGER'S PALATIAL TRAINING QUARTERS: The main entrance to the camp at Long Branch, New Jersey, where Farr is getting in trim for the fight of his life. In the mornings he takes road exercise to strengthen his legs, but every afternoon at 2.30 does a work-out before an audience

JUST IN CASE: Fitting the shield into Farr's mouth to protect his teeth from chance blows by his sparring partners, with one of whom (dark shorts) he is seen in action *on right*

The Reclaimed ZUYDER ZEE HITS BACK

Throbbing Clouds of Gnats Make Life Intolerable for the Inhabitants of this Former Domain of the Sea: A Veritable Plague that is Causing the Gravest Concern Among Scientists and Dutch Government Officials

A WINDOW ON THE IJSSEL LAKE: Thousands of green gnats crawling across a pane during one of their all too regular visitations to the villages along the shores of the reclaimed Zuyder Zee. They are now a veritable plague and unless something is done quickly to check them it is feared that the whole region will be rendered uninhabitable. A Government Commission is at present engaged in investigating and reporting on the situation

THE DREAD VISITANTS: The gnats (scientifically known as *Chyronomus*) swarming over a hotel on the shores of the reclaimed Zuyder Zee. For three years now they have been growing in numbers, fulfilling the gloomy prophecies of the fisherman who from the start had disapproved of the reclamation scheme

CARS TRAVELLING THROUGH THE IJSSEL LAKE REGION now have thin gauze fitted over the radiators in order to prevent gnats choking the water system

SEEKING A PALLIATIVE: Experiments have been tried with bombs but they have done little to diminish the plague

THE old, weather-cured fishermen of Marken and Volendam, smoking cigars which put to shame the stink of rotting fish and eels in process of being smoked, tap their noses and say: "Well, what do you expect? Nature is paying us back in full measure for the silly meddling of the Government in her affairs. It is a plague of Egypt, Meneer, that's what it is."

It certainly bears a strong resemblance to historic plagues. Since the damming of the Zuyder Zee and the creation of the semi-sweet-water, Lake Ijssel, there has arisen over the former domain of the sea a species of gnat christened *Chyronomus*, which has multiplied to such an extent that the Government has felt obliged to appoint a commission for the sole purpose of investigating the plague and reporting on possible measures of exterminating it before the situation becomes desperate.

By ROY ELSTON

Unlike the plagues of Egypt this one, unless science finds a method of riddance, looks like being permanent. The biologists say that Nature will, in her own good time, restore the balance that is supposed to be an inevitable characteristic of the old harridan, by filling the Ijssel lake with little beasties-of-prey, which will eat up the larvæ of the *Chyronomus* and thus make it possible once again to sail over the waters of the Ijssel lake and motor through the new-won province without having to press through throbbing clouds of tiny green insects which stop the motor, cover the face with a sickly green paste of gnat-corpses, and obscure the vision as by a smoke-screen.

Perhaps the biologists are right. The trouble is, Nature is inclined to lethargy and biologists to thinking in terms of years which give small comfort to the present. Besides, according to my fisher-friend, Piet, of Elburg, who secretly rejoices in the plague because it supports his gloomy prophecies of what would happen to the race of man when the Zuyder Zee became a cabbage-patch, assures me that so long as the sluice-gates of the great dam are regularly opened, the little fish which the Government patiently keep tossing into the lake, will, in the nature of things, flow out through the gates into the sea, and die. And their meal of *Chyronomus* larvæ will remain uneaten.

Biologists and Piet the fisherman notwithstanding, some way out of the difficulty will have to be found. The *Chyronomus* plague is no ordinary plague. At its worst, it is impossible to get a car across the Zuyder Zee dyke, and autobus services have to be suspended. In the towns and villages along the coast of the former sea, doors and windows have to be hermetically sealed. Shipping becomes a risky enterprise. Life to the inhabitants of the reclaimed areas becomes almost intolerable and the children go in ever present fear of this new pest which is liable to descend without warning.

The larvæ of the Zuyder Zee gnat (known as *Zuckmücke*, or *Tanzmücke* in Germany) are in the form of very small worms. They are much appreciated by fish of the carp species; it has been called the carp's beefsteak; but there are not carp enough to eat up all the beefsteaks in the Ijssel lake. The Government's efforts to stock the waters with this type of fish do not appear to be altogether successful. Ultimately, I suppose, they will be; but in the meantime the larvæ are multiplying at a very much faster rate than the fish, and unless some unnatural means are found to keep the insect from developing, the outlook will be black, or rather green.

Recently I travelled by boat to the island of Urk to inspect the reclamation work going on in this part of the old Zuyder Zee. The boat was a converted steam trawler. Half way along the four-hours' voyage from Elburg to the island we ran into the first cloud of gnats. Speed had to be reduced and all passengers were confined in a large cabin, the doors and windows of which were kept tightly shut in spite of an appalling heat.

When we finally emerged from the cabin it was to slither over a deck piled at least ten inches high with a green, sticky mass. The sailors were busy shovelling it into the sea. The whole ship—deck, bridge, masts, rigging, was green, and the crew were kept busy for quite a while scraping the filthy things from their eyes, ears and noses.

An hour or two after our arrival at the harbour, a huge cloud of gnats came swarming over the sea with a sound exactly like the thrumming of distant aeroplanes. The people of Urk ran helter-skelter into their houses. Doors and windows were banged tight, and every crack stuffed with cloth or paper. When the cloud had passed, Urk was the strangest sight.

It was as if the whole village had suddenly been coated with sticky green sugar. Earlier in the day, the Urker housewives, as is their custom, had hung their washing out to dry on lines fixed from one side to the other. On a gnatless washing-day, the whole village looks as if the flags of all nations had been hung out. On this occasion, the washing had become one monotonous green, as if every sheet and shirt had been composed of extremely effective fly-paper. The whole impression was truly extraordinary.

This is the third summer during which the *Chyronomus* has had it all its own way. The professors are looking hard through microscopes, and staring test-tubes out of countenance, so that the least we can hope for is a reduction in the plague next year. Piet, of Elburg, thinks otherwise. "Mark my word," he said, when I had returned from Urk and recounted to him my experiences, "those gnats are reinforcements, so to speak. All these engineer people and statesmen and so on, they think they've beaten the Zuyder Zee." Piet chuckled, as if he knew something very secret. "The Zuyder Zee is not beaten yet, Meneer; and after the gnats, who knows what other plague they'll let loose?"

That, in fact, is a point which even the biologists recognise. Some of them are not very keen about adopting measures to counter the gnat plague. They are frightened of putting nature too much off her balance. Even if they get rid of the gnats, is there any guarantee that the process will not set up some other evil? According to a leading Dutch scientist with whom I spoke, the gnat plague is one of those unpleasant visitations which must take their course. "Nature, as she so often does, must solve the problem in her own way."

One comfort there is, the *Chyronomus* has neither bite nor sting. Perhaps he is too new to the game. When the word goes round that the blood of men is rather tasty, perhaps even the *Chyronomus* will discover a palate, and with a palate, the means to satisfy it. In that case, I foresee a wholesale migration of the human race from the areas over which the Zuyder Zee used to flow without hindrance. It is one thing to be pushed out of the way by a million little green gnats; quite another to have them attacking like an army of pin-weaponed Lilliputs.

We had better leave it to the Government Commission.

SHANGHAI'S VOLUNTEER DEFENDERS

The Corps Which Has Been Playing Its Part in the Protection of the International Settlement

FACING A CRISIS: American members (*left*) and Scottish members (*right*) of Shanghai's Volunteer Defence Corps—a cosmopolitan militia force recruited from among the business men of the International Settlement—which came into the news last week when Japanese and Chinese troops clashed in the environs of Shanghai. The corps was immediately mobilised and placed in charge of the settlement's northern boundary, doing everything within its power to protect the lives and property of foreign residents. Many nations are represented in this miniature army, the only paid troops in which are the White Russians

"THE MACCABEANS": Men of the Jewish Battalion of the Shanghai Volunteer Defence Corps standing at ease during one of their parades. They are easily distinguished by the Star of David badge on their collars

EYES LEFT: Chinese members of the Volunteer Defence Corps pictured on parade. They qualify for service by reason of the fact that they are resident within the boundaries of the International Settlement and have their work there. *On right.*—Three of the officers and in the background men of the Scottish Battalion, one of the largest individual units in this veritable League of Nations Army which during last week-end was working day and night as the Sino-Japanese clash assumed really serious proportions and the lives of many of the foreign residents were placed in jeopardy

READY FOR THE FRAY! These White Russians, exiled from the land of their birth since the revolution, form the paid battalion in Shanghai's Volunteer Defence Corps, being ever ready to help deal with any situation beyond the powers of the police. They live in barracks whereas the members of the other battalions are for the most part engaged in business in the International Settlement

C

WHO'S WHO IN

GAY WHITE WAY OF THE EASTERN WORLD: floor hotel restaurant down the famous Nanking Shanghai's brilliant night life, but the scene last Chinese bombs—missing the Japanese warship that the confines of the International Settlement,

SHANGHAI, that wonder city of the East, which has been resounding to the rattle of rifle and machine-gun fire and the shriek of shells, and where mad panic has reigned as wild-eyed refugees have sought safety in the International Settlement, is in normal times the centre of an elegant social life and an intensely gay night life. The young Chinese

THE GLORY OF EASTERN COSTUME: A Shanghai lady in the national dress of Manchuria and (*above on right*) Miss Lilly Ho, another of the city's celebrities, in traditional Chinese dress at a charity function

THE WIFE OF THE SHANGHAI GARRISON COMMANDER, Mrs. Yuang Ho (*left*) taking a hand of bridge at the opening of the new rooms of the Shanghai Bridge Club

TALKING THINGS OVER: Major-General Wu Teh-chen (*right*), governor of Kwantung Province, in conversation with a foreign diplomat during a visit to a Shanghai restaurant

WHERE FASHION FORGATHERS

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A. Console

THE EXILES FORGATHER: A special "Sphere" picture of that delightful scene in *Balalaika*, the big musical success at His Majesty's, in which the White Russians have their own New Year's Eve party after the other guests have left the restaurant. Giving their attention to a magnum of champagne are Nicki (Clifford Mollison) and Alexey (Antony Eustrel), while reading from right to left in the foreground are Masha (Betty Warren), Madame Petrova, the ballet mistress (Margaret Withers) and Balakirev the street singer and ex-Colonel (Eric Marshall)

The Bach night was magnificently supported. I do not marvel that on a sweltering August evening, hundreds of people can be found to stand shoulder to shoulder—even lighting a pipe must have been difficult—for a couple of hours listening to Johann Sebastian Bach. But I do marvel that anyone can dub unmusical the nation which can provide such listeners.

The "Proms" have indeed started well.

"Nuits de Folies."—The only new production of last week, the cabaret show, *Nuits de Folies*, at the London Casino, was of the type which one would hardly expect to find at a season of the year when those who pursue nocturnal joys that involve a white tie and white waistcoat (though these are, I understand, not *de rigueur*) can be presumed to be anywhere but in London. Yet *Nuits de Folies* is with us, and so much the better, for it is a good entertainment, full of surprises, among which I count the ability to smile and smile and smile on the part of a sextette of comely German girls what time they did apparently impossible acrobatic feats at a temperature of anything over—well, it *was* hot.

The show ladies had much less to show in the way of both ability and attire; but what they do show leaves nothing to be desired and they had every reason for looking cool, except when they took part in what was rather unfortunately labelled as a "parade of living furs." Everything was very dazzling and spectacular and expensive and very, very modern, the only antiquarian touch being a reproduction of the Moulin Rouge can-can of the mid-'eighties, apparently a most difficult series of dancing steps and bodily movements, all I know of which is that if I could-could I wouldn't-wouldn't.

"Woman Chases Man" (Film).—*Woman Chases Man* is a less static and more farcical treatment of what is now so familiar on the films as the "Boy Meets Girl" situation. In this case it is vastly complicated not only by a superfluity of plot but by wisecracks popped into the pudding wherever possible, and not always intelligible even to the travelled non-American. But here is an hour of slap-dash fun, with Miss Miriam Hopkins and Mr. Joel McCrea to shoulder the greater part of it.

GRAND FINALE TO THE NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY: Two more colourful moments in *Balalaika*, the musical play with Paris and Petrograd as its setting, which is now well past its 200th performance at His Majesty's, having attracted audiences right through the summer, usually a dull time in the theatre from the box-office point of view. *Left*—Masha (Betty Warren) follows the old custom of holding up a mirror to see "the man of her dreams"—but she looks on the face of Lydia (Muriel Angelus) who, as depicted above, is re-united at curtain-fall with her beloved Peter Karagin Nicki (Clifford Mollison), and the ballet mistress (Margaret Withers) on right

HEADGEAR OF THIRTY-FOUR CENTURIES AGO: This magnificent piece of jewellery composed of no fewer than 819 separate items was worn by an Egyptian woman of ancient Thebes and dates from somewhere between the years 1500 and 1450 B.C. It has recently been re-assembled by experts of the Egyptian Department of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and is now on exhibition, being seen in its entirety for the first time for many centuries. It consists of vertical strips hanging down from a central gold plate on the top of the head and forming a sort of hood. The jig-saw work of re-constructing the strips, each one of which contains some twenty-five rosettes, demanded much time and patience

ONE of the most spectacular discoveries ever made in Palestine has just been announced by Professor John A. Wilson, Director of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, who is now engaged in the cataloguing of treasures unearthed during the latest expedition to Megiddo in the western part of the Holy Land. The discoveries, which include a number of rare objects in gold and ivory, one of which is illustrated on right, were made in the ancient palace of the princes of Megiddo who ruled this small section of the Egyptian Empire during the 300 years from 1500 to 1200 B.C. They were troublous times, it appears, with invasion always threatening, and it was without doubt for this reason that more than one of the princes chose to bury his choicest possessions. It is these that have now been unearthed, and what a truly wonderful collection they make. All the pieces are in excellent condition and an expert examination of them may well reveal data of the greatest importance.

On left—TREASURE FROM THE HOLY LAND: This ivory comb was recently unearthed together with some 250 other pieces of the same material by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago's expedition to Megiddo (Armageddon) in western Palestine

THE EIFFEL TOWER IN A NEW LIGHT: It may be a relic of an exhibition in the 80's, but when illuminated the great edifice strikes a distinctly modern note in keeping with the Exhibition of 1937 in the very heart of which it stands

PARIS AS HOSTESS TO THE WORLD

Highlights of the Great Exhibition and Some Curiosities of the British Pavilion Where the Sport Motif Predominates

By CHARLES GRAVES

QUITE honestly, you need a technicolor news-reel to do justice to the Paris Exhibition, and there is no such thing as a technicolor news-reel so far. The Exhibition makes the Wembley Exhibition look like a church bazaar and any of Korda's super-films like a Punch and Judy show.

Like most other people I came to Paris expecting the Exhibition to be quite incomplete, in fact almost a hole in the ground. There is no doubt about it. The descriptions in the English newspapers have been most unfair. It is quite true that the American pavilion has only just been completed. And the Spanish pavilion is not yet ready. But what can you expect from Spain?

The best time to get a permanent memory of the Exhibition is at night. The Eiffel tower is illuminated with a dark green light. The fountains are purple and white. The German pavilion is orange coloured with the great eagle looking arrogantly over the heads of the gigantic Russian peasants on top of the U.S.S.R. pavilion. At night the public cannot enter the buildings. But perhaps this is just as well in many cases. The exteriors are so fascinating that the interiors can seldom help being a little disappointing. But before entering any of them in daylight, let me try to make you visualise a comparable scene in London.

First of all, you must imagine that from Blackfriars Bridge to Chelsea the banks of the Thames have been cleared for half a mile on either bank. If you can visualise this, you must then try to conceive of 100 different pavilions belonging to the various nations of the world, all rising majestically to the sky with one exception, the British pavilion. You must next imagine that dozens of fountains, green, pink, blue, yellow, red, and purple, have been made to spout up from the middle of the Thames. You must also imagine that along the banks a number of house-boats have been moored, each with its national flag and each with its decks covered with small tables and chairs, in fact a series of floating restaurants. You must also visualise open-air cafes, kiosks, and a huge amusement park with an aerial railway which would frighten even Tommy Farr. In the amusement park there are giants, Siamese twins, and other monstrosities. There is also a man made of glass which enables you to see just how your body works, particularly the effect on your liver of various liquids. After three minutes you will probably go and have several dry Martinis to forget.

The British pavilion has been sneered at, and quite rightly. The excuse made for its lack of dignity is that the Paris Exhibition is technically a "secondary" affair. The fact remains that the visitor enters and finds himself confronted with four waxworks. There is a lady on a grey horse, a small boy in a corner and two hunting chaps. Underneath are the following immortal lines: "The sport of fox hunting flourishes in Britain to-day to the same extent and with the same traditional ceremony as 100 years ago."

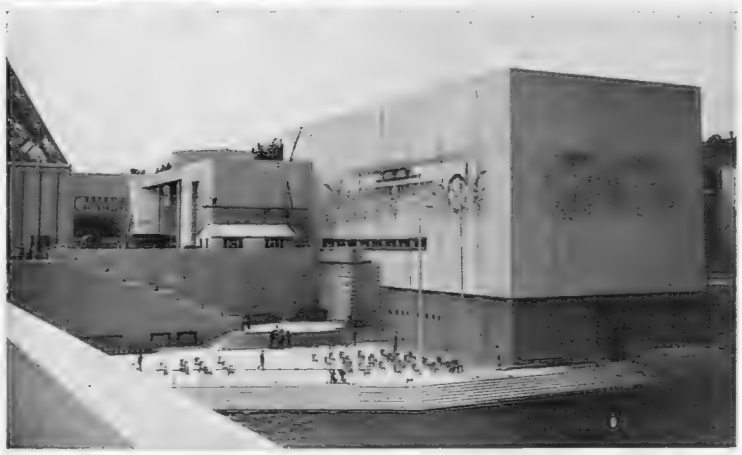
On your left as you come in are some tweed jackets and another statement to the following effect: "Pheasant, partridge, grouse and innumerable other game-birds abound in Great Britain *where the sport of shooting is a social institution*." When you have recovered from this unfortunate Spanish phrase, you see a stuffed peeress and a member of the College of Heralds. A minute later, you are dwarfed by a gigantic reproduction of the Prime Minister hooking an invisible fish. It is fine publicity for Mr. Chamberlain, and beneath the huge rod are squash rackets, cricket bats, and bows and arrows.

Wandering despondently out you hear a guide shouting: "Le programme ce soir est formidable." He says this every evening, and he is nearly always justified. On my first visit a concealed choir sang "Auld Lang Syne." As soon as it had finished singing the voice of the French compère was heard from every loud-speaker to say admiringly: "Ou la la." The best way of seeing the Exhibition is to hire a toy taxi-cab. In this way for 30 francs you see a great deal without undue fatigue. One of the best pavilions is the Swiss. Here you can see the smallest watches in the world, and there are also some wonderful carnival masks from Valais, rather like those one associates with African witch-doctors. The Swiss lace is also first class. Indeed, all the textile exhibits are worth seeing. The Italian pavilion makes the mistake of relying too much on photographs. But the exhibits from Libya and Abyssinia are worth seeing.

There is also the statement that Italians working in Abyssinia have already sent home to their families in Italy 1,000,000,000 liras since last year. What this proves I don't know, but the gigantic features of Mussolini look very complacent. The Austrian pavilion is fine but I did not see much of it. You see, the Sehwechater lager is better even than the Munich lager. The Portuguese pavilion is so-so. The Luxemburg pavilion relies mostly on its restaurant for its attractions. There is an oil painting of the Grand Duchess as well as some exhibits of coal and porcelain. But English visitors who expect naturally a big display of radio will be disappointed.

It is obvious that I have no room to describe in detail the other ninety pavilions. But I must tell you about the pavilion de l'Elégance. Schiaparelli steals the picture. All the other leading couturiers of Paris show wax models dressed in the smartest clothes. Schiaparelli's model lies entirely naked on a bed of artificial roses with a pair of blue gloves resting in the palm of one hand. Hanging on a hook nearby is a little print cotton frock. Farther on you come to the displays of the men's tailors of Paris. This, I think, is a mistake—but an amusing one. There are thirty-four wax gigolos. Twelve of them are wearing full evening dress with brown, pale blue, strawberry or chocolate tail-coats. I never knew before that Lanvin was also a man's tailor. I am told that he has a shop in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

(*Continued on page 318*)



THE BRITISH PAVILION, unassuming in its proportions, has been much criticised, many saying that it is wholly lacking in dignity in comparison with the towering structures erected by the various totalitarian states

PHOTOGRAPHY ON A GIANT SCALE, depicting phases of national life, is a rather monotonous feature of some of the pavilions, writes Charles Graves

THE NEW STATE MUSEUM OF ART has been built in connection with the Paris Exhibition and at present, as noted on pages 306 and 307 of this issue, a wonderful display of French masterpieces through the centuries is being held there. When the Exhibition closes the building will remain and will house a great national collection of works by distinguished modern-day French painters

"THE GUARD HOUSE": This fine work by Mathieu le Nain, the youngest of the three mysterious brothers who flourished in the middle years of the seventeenth century and whose pictures are so difficult to identify by reason of their similarity of technique, is at present on view in the new art museum which has been built in connection with the Paris Exhibition and is to remain as a permanent feature after the Exhibition is closed towards the end of this year. The building occupies an imposing site between the Quai de Tokio and the Avenue du President Wilson

FRANCE

The State Museum Has Come into Exhibition and is to nently: The Disper Weill Collection, Recent Event in the

THE greatest exhibition ever held of French art, and one of the most remarkable of all time, is at present on view at the new Museum of Modern Art in Paris. This impressive edifice was specially built for the International Exhibition. Together with the new Trocadéro it will remain one of the permanent features of this grandiose manifestation of Arts and Crafts. On the close of the Exhibition the collections of paintings from the Luxembourg and Petit Palais museums will both be transferred to what will then be recognised as the State Museum of Contemporary Art. This new museum is also significant as the only one of its kind that has ever been specially constructed in Paris to house the nation's art treasures. Hitherto the palaces, chateaux, orangeries and artists' studios of France have always been museologically adapted, so the founding of this important State Museum

BY THE PAINTER OF THE REVOLUTION: This picture, "The Market Gardener," was completed by David about the year 1795 shortly after he had been set free following his disastrous incursion into politics which came to an end with the fall of Robespierre. It is a truly magnificent character study and fully worthy of its inclusion in the present exhibition of French Art Through the Ages now being held at the permanent museum which has been erected in connection with the Paris Exhibition

"LE REVE DE L'ARTISTE": Watteau's superb delicacy of touch and poetic canvas which was included in the David-Weill collection of eighteenth-century Paris. Public galleries in France are to benefit largely from the dispersal, and the

TO HAVE HER OWN "TATE GALLERY"

of French Art which Being with the Paris Remain Permasal of the David-Another Important Paris Art World

is a prominent event in the history of the City of Paris.

In spite of multiple difficulties the architects, MM. Donel, Aubert, Viard and Dastugue, have succeeded in erecting, on an irregular quadrilateral of two hectares with a difference of twelve metres between the levels of the Quai de Tokio and the Avenue du President Wilson, a building strikingly effective in its beauty of form. Its simplicity of line and harmony of proportion have been embellished with great basreliefs and statues by the leading French sculptors. Here, for example, we may admire works by Maillol, Despiau, Janniot, Drivier, etc.

But if architect and sculptor have collaborated in the production of a monument to the arts it has been, frankly, more for the sake of exterior appearance than for practical museological purpose. I need only refer to the unfortunate effects of lighting in the galleries of paintings. In many cases it is almost impossible to view properly the wonderful masterpieces of French art that have been brought together from churches,

leanings are evidenced in this fine masterpieces recently dispersed in Louvre will of course have its fair share

GERICAULT'S "OFFICER OF THE CARABINIERS": Another masterpiece of French art now on view at the Paris Exhibition. It has been lent by the Museum at Rouen, the artist's birthplace

museums, and private collections in near and distant lands. Public and private owners in France, America, Austria, Belgium, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Ireland, Italy, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Sweden, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, U.S.S.R., and Yugoslavia have most generously contributed to this incomparable ensemble of 430 paintings, 170 pieces of sculpture, 280 drawings, 75 tapestries, 150 engravings, 55 manuscripts, and 115 *objets d'art* dating from the

Above on left—CHARM OF THE RUFF: The painstaking detail with which the dress is painted is a feature of this portrait of Mary Ann Waltham, a Maid of Honour to Mary Queen of Scots, which was painted in Edinburgh in 1572 by Francois Quesnel just before the artist's return to France. It has been sent on loan to the Paris Exhibition by Earl Spencer

Above—HERO OF TWO WORLDS: Count Apponyi in his renowned memoirs declared that this study of Lafayette by Prud'hon showed the liberator as an aged and middle-class gentleman, the eyes betraying all his republican vanity and ambition. The picture belonged to the famous David-Weill collection which was only recently dispersed

Gallo-Roman era up till the end of the nineteenth century. The rare quality of every one of the many hundred exhibits that here trace the history of French art evinces the effort of the organisers to form an ensemble comprising only the finest examples of the works of the leading masters throughout the centuries. This is all the more remarkable when one considers that one painting only has been lent from the Louvre!

It is impossible to enumerate in an exhibition of this magnitude. All that I need add is to say that no art lover visiting Paris should miss this magnificent retrospection of the glory of French art.

* * *

Eighteenth-Century Masterpieces Sold.—M. David-Weill has disposed of his famous art collection. It was recognised as one of the finest private collections in the world of eighteenth-century French painting. During the past few weeks a private exhibition of these has been held in M. Wildenstein's establishment in Paris.

M. David-Weill, in disposing of his collection, has also made important donations to the national museums of France. Actually, this donation had already been effected under usufructuary reserve in 1924, when MM. Koeclin and Migeon selected the fourteen works of art from his then magnificent ensemble.

With the various pieces of furniture that M. David-Weill has also presented to the Musée des Arts Decoratifs, this is to be considered the most outstanding private donation to the State in recent years.

Alexander Watt

On right—A DEGAS DOMESTIC DRAMA: One of the best known and most frequently exhibited pictures by the French master of the nineteenth century. It comes from the Henry P. Macilkenny collection in Philadelphia, U.S., and has been lent to Paris for the period of the exhibition

A DORSETSHIRE ANTIQUITY IN DANGER: This fine gateway, a relic of the Benedictine Abbey at Cerne Abbas, stands in a farmyard, sadly neglected and isolated. An official of the Office of Works recently made an examination of the place and has discovered that unless the vaulting is repaired soon the roof may collapse

CONDEMNED: This 300-year-old cottage at Birchwood, Swanley, Kent, is being demolished as its rooms are too small to meet with the space requirements contained in the Government's latest Housing Act. The residents have been allotted other accommodation

THE INTERVENTION OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS has for the time being saved this old Bristol inn from demolition. It is known as the Hatchet and is also in the news at the moment by reason of the recent discovery of some fine sixteenth-century woodwork beneath the plaster façade

BY CAR to the DEWPONDS of the SUSSEX DOWNS

Watering Places that have a Real Fascination and a Mystery for the Countrylover

THERE is fascination as well as mystery about the dewponds of the Sussex Downs, and quite a number of these little circular pools may be visited by car, while others are situated on the more remote heights and can only be approached by a tramp across the soft turf.

One of the best known of these ponds is just to the west of Eastbourne, near the cliffs at Beachy Head. A beautifully graded road climbs from the western end of the promenade to the top of Beachy Head, where there is ample space for parking cars, both on the grassland and at the free parks provided by the authorities. Not far from the cliffs, where the old lighthouse looks out across the Channel, a dewpond will be seen across the road in the level grass. It is in excellent condition, having a concrete bed; a witness to its comparatively recent construction. The earliest ponds, dating from prehistoric times, have beds of puddled clay.

The chalk road, which winds its way from Ditchling to the highest point of the Downs at Ditchling Beacon, has been much improved of late, and is now easily negotiable by car,

SOUTHERHAM DEWPOND, near the Eastbourne Road, is ringed round by an iron fence and still retains enough water through the year to supply the needs of a big flock of sheep

although it is narrow and steep. Just where it surmounts the brow of the hill there is an old dewpond, which has greatly deteriorated through neglect, and is now partly overgrown with coarse downland grass. It has been used from time immemorial for watering the flocks of sheep which have grazed on these heights. Before long it may disappear as so many of the old ponds have done through the sinking of the water into the soil.

A mile east, close to the familiar clump of trees known as Black Cap, there is a concrete pond in fair condition which we have never known to dry up.

Farther west from Ditchling, beyond the main London road, beyond the Devil's Dyke, is another clump of trees. This is Chanctonbury Ring; and from the road near Whiston a lane runs up the slope of the Downs to the Ring. This lane is quite passable for cars as far as Weppon's Farm. Ambitious—or shall we say daring?—motorists at times essay the steeper incline through the woods to the top, but the attempt has its perils and is not to be recommended. The car may be left near Weppon's Farm and a pleasant ramble made to the top. On the way a level, grassy plateau opens on the left, affording a good view of the Weald below; and, set in the grass, is a neglected dewpond, which, owing to the deterioration of its bed, holds water only in wet weather; and during a dry period is transformed into a mudpond overgrown with a riot of flowering plants.

FALLING INTO DECAY: The dewpond on the Downs just below Ditchling Beacon is sadly overgrown with coarse downland grass

HOT-WEATHER HAUNT OF THE CATTLE: Standing knee deep in the cooling waters of a dewpond near Chanctonbury Ring. Their hooves are liable to damage the clay bed

On the open Downs near Chanctonbury Ring is yet another dewpond to which the cattle have free access. As a consequence the bed, which is only clay, has been broken up; and it is feared the water may eventually disappear altogether.

It is not customary to allow cattle to trample in these ponds. Sheep do little harm, but the heavier animals are very destructive.

There are several dewponds near Lewes in varying states of preservation and decay. Near the racecourse, close to the site of the Battle of Lewes (1264), there is a good pond, concreted, the bed or basin of which is badly cracked, and the water percolates through in dry weather. Near the Ringmer road, to the east of the town, is another pond, now derelict and protected by an iron fence; while near the Southerham Farm on the Eastbourne road is a good pond, which, although somewhat broken, retains enough water through the year to supply the needs of a flock of 1,000 sheep.

Motorists passing from Falmer to Rottingdean will see, at almost the highest point of the road, a concrete pond, in excellent repair;

ON THE DOWNS BELOW BEACHY HEAD: A comparatively modern dewpond with a fine concrete bed. Most of the older ponds have beds constructed out of puddled clay

and from this position another, which fails at times, may be noted in the hollow to the east.

The origin of the dewpond is a matter of conjecture. It is surmised that prehistoric man, being compelled to make his earth-dwellings on the highest parts of the Downs for safety from the wild beasts dwelling in the dense forests of the Weald, needed a constant supply of water where there were no streams; and, necessity being the "mother of invention," he discovered the secret of inducing nature to deposit an unfailing supply of water in the ponds he constructed. The secret of their construction has baffled scientists; but the layer of straw interposed between the bed of lime and clay and the upper layer of puddled clay is supposed to prevent radiation and create a "cold spot" favourable to the condensation of the moisture of the atmosphere.

It is surprising that no new ponds are made to-day on the Sussex Downs, and that no effort seems to be made to keep them in repair; since the advantage to the shepherd must be very great. It may be that, like the old windmills and dovecotes, they will remain just as memorials of the vanishing customs of a past age, until in the process of time they disappear from the face of the earth.

Christopher Wenlock

BRIMFUL OF NEWS

The Dramatic—the Grand —and the Gay: Your Autumn Hat may Sport Any of these Brims

THE beret is back again, like a hardy annual. But Paris does it in such new forms that it is scarcely recognisable. There can be no doubt about it being an autumn favourite, for every other woman at the Collections was wearing one.

On the right is Suzy's black-felt forward-sweeping beret with a flattened edge. It is mounted on a black velvet cap, and has a velvet band across the centre. You will find it at Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

There is, at the moment, a tremendous feeling for up-flung brims, some of them soaring to a high point, and others irregular in shape. Immediately above is Suzy's very distinguished black felt Breton, the brim narrowed off and folded in at the back, and the crown splashed with a fuchsia gros-grain ribbon. A hat for formal and for practical wear.

To complete this trio of new Suzy hats from Harrods there is the very piquant model on the right. In dahlia-coloured felt, it has an exaggeratedly curved and forward thrust duck-bill brim with a light navy pom-pom placed high at the side back. The crown is trimmed with navy gros-grain ribbon and the back of the hat is absolutely flat.

The World of Books

A Tragic Little Tale of American Provincial Life : Cruising Along the Riviera : Michael Arlen, as ever, Writes with Wit and Elegance

By VERNON FANE

THEY have a hard time in American small towns. If it isn't the long cold winters it's the long hot summers. Or the Women's Culture Club. Or the local tittle-tattle. Life seems far from kindly on those little main streets.

THE HEATHS AND THE HUBBELLS (Constable. 7s. 6d.) is another pleasantly sad little novel of American provincial life. It is neatly enough contrived and has the sterling merit of not being overwritten. The rich Heaths have a beautiful daughter, Constance, who has an unhappy love affair and a baby. The impecunious Hubbells have a beautiful daughter, Rose, whose love affair is just as unsuccessful, and whose baby is born at about the same time.

There the resemblance ends, since the Heaths' resources run to a private hospital, some efficient stage-managing and an adoption society. Rose Hubbell has her baby at home, suffers as one might expect from the town's malice, but achieves a certain peace of mind as her child grows up. Her wealthy young counterpart escapes the scandal and comes back to the town to take up her life where she left it. Of the two, hers is the more hopeless life, for she has neither a child, nor a sympathetic family to stand by her.

Where the Hubbells have defended Rose with warmth and affection, the Heaths have covered up Constance's escapade from motives no more estimable than social pride. Rose goes on to new happiness and a fuller life, and Constance's existence becomes daily more meaningless, and her outlook more neurotic. When she dies of pneumonia it seems the inevitable ending to a life without a ray of warmth or friendship.

The outline of the story is that of a tragedy, yet Miss Nelia Gardner White has made something less austere of it, and brought a placid acceptance of the harshness of life to bear on her theme. Well-written, quiet stuff that throws a fairly grim light on that small town existence.

Not being the best of sailors, being rather, to be honest, an exceptionally queasy one, I was prepared to read Mr. E. Keble Chatterton's **CHARMINA ON THE RIVIERA** (Hurst & Blackett. 12s. 6d.) with purely academic interest. The exploits of a six-ton yacht might be exciting, probably would be remarkable, but one of those casual yachtsmen's mentions of a "slight popple" would be enough to put me off the book entirely and make me reflect gratefully on the solid comforts of land travel.

Mr. Chatterton is too engaging a writer to let one go as easily as that; like the Ancient Mariner in this, though I am sure in no other way, he compels your attention, and takes you with him on three summers' cruises along the coasts of France and Italy. True, there are many moments when I clutched my steady armchair to reassure myself and glanced out at the garden to make sure that the "somewhat rough lop" was confined to the pages of the book.

But for a bad sailor I enjoyed myself immensely, and I certainly know of no better way of spending three summers afloat than in Mr. Chatterton's reminiscences.

His favourite venue, as from a landlubber's point of view it is mine, is the coast between Toulon and Monaco, with a slight preference for the Cote des Maures, which from Toulon extends eastward for some forty-odd miles. Off there lie the *Isles d'Or*, beautiful, wild, scarcely inhabited and difficult to reach except in the finest weather. Naturally that last is no deterrent to Mr. Chatterton, who set out for them in a freshening wind and declared that "it was grand to have our sails full and to feel the *Charmina's* progress over the rising waves."

Mr. Chatterton is far from being an enthusiastic amateur. An enthusiast certainly, since he admits that two-thirds of his year are spent sailing and the other third in reading and writing about the sea, but his knowledge is that of an expert, and his *Yachtsman's Pilot* is a standard book for those who are their own captains.

To anyone who has sailed the Mediterranean along those coasts, this book will be a real joy, and I can say with the same confidence that it will be a delight for all those who know only its land aspects.

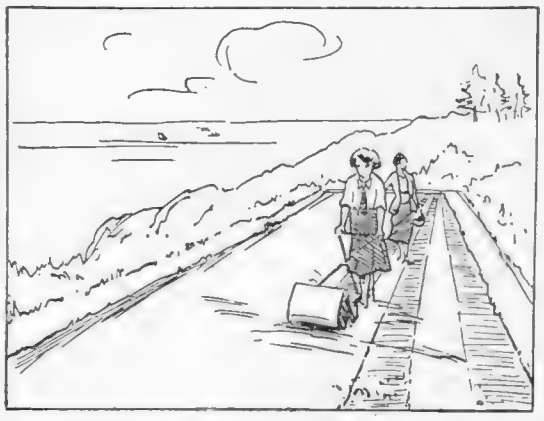
Sometimes I think that there is no influence more potent than a popular literary style. Thirty years ago Henry James and Conrad, whether they liked it or not, were guiding the pens of scores of authors all over this country. To-day publishers' offices are besieged by infant Hemingways. Once let an author perfect a really individual style, and it will spread like wildfire. It will be extremely difficult to imitate, so that most of the attempts will be failures, but that will discourage no one. Even reputable authors, authors of distinction in their own field, have been known to get mild attacks of this particularly infectious symptom.

There is to-day a writer who is a master of his own subject. Other people are funny, but Mr. P. G. Wodehouse is funnier. His style is, I should have said, unmistakable, and he uses levity as bakers use leavening. Inevitably he has his imitators and, just as inevitably, his influence shows in the most unexpected places. Who, for instance, wrote this? "A few mornings after that I was walking up Piccadilly when, to my astonishment, I saw the man Hudson. It was one of those bright spring mornings when everyone seems to bustle cheerfully to and fro and you can see the beaming smiles with which people are chased across Piccadilly by playful buses while others stand on the kerb and cheer an occasional hit."

Or this? "Daisy's weather-beaten boy-friend was a tall, wiry, dark-faced man who looked as though he enjoyed nothing more than biting off the tail of a South American revolution with one snap of his lean jaws."

CAMERA PICTURE-MAKING ANALYSED

MR. CHARLES SIMPSON'S SKETCH OF HIS GARDEN drawn in order to convey stereoscopic effect



THE SAME GARDEN SCENE AS VISUALISED BY THE LENS revealing flatness and intensive perspective. These two comparative views are taken from Charles Simpson's book, *Composition for Photographers*

IN *Composition for Photographers* (Witherby Ltd.) Mr. Charles Simpson, R.I., has written a really useful book of critical analysis of the art of making camera pictures. Throughout the book he compares the artist's viewpoint and problem with those of the photographer; both are assailed, he points out in a very welcome paragraph, by the multiplicity of detail in nature. With both brush and lens user there is the ceaseless problem of what to leave out. How careful the analysis is in this volume will be evident from the two little cuts here reproduced. At first glance, they look very like one another; a closer inspection shows how very different they are. "In Fig. 15," writes Mr. Simpson, "I have made a sketch of my garden, two figures being on the lawn. Stereoscopic effect is suggested by slightly losing or omitting the outlines of the nearer figure, and of the more distant figure to a smaller extent; at the far end of the lawn the effect is hardly noticeable. In Fig. 16 there is no suggestion of double vision. The drawing looks flat; but though there is no recession, it is more difficult to judge distance; the lawn appears larger than in Fig. 15, though the perspective lines are the same; the small size of the second figure compared to the first is more obvious. All the perspective lines are forced in the second drawing as they often are in a photograph, the result being that the diminishing width of the marks made by the mower, for instance, gives the illusion of extension to a vanishing point in the far distance; the same applies to the edges of the lawn itself. The looser touch of the first drawing is an example of how any artist unconsciously suggests stereoscopic vision; the camera insists on perspective lines and differences of size without any such aids to modify them."

Well, you're wrong. It was Mr. Michael Arlen in his new collection of short stories, **THE CROOKED CORONET** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). While each of these stories is diverting in its own way, only one, *The Caddish Ladies' Maid*, shows Mr. Arlen in his true colours, as the man who made Shepherd's Market what it is to-day.

The title story is, I think, the best, and *The Policeman in Pincenez* is the nearest approach to the excellent macabre story that Mr. Arlen generally includes. Not one story is without point and the benevolent shadow of Mr. Wodehouse has certainly done the author no harm. It has even contributed a little homeliness where the presence of so much of the *haute nobilité* might have proved a little bleak.

In case I have not made myself quite clear, I enjoyed Mr. Arlen's new book a great deal. He writes with wit and elegance and I, for one, am grateful for it.

There is no ambiguity about Mr. Humfrey Jordan's new novel. In **SEA WAY ONLY** (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) the hero is a paragon of the manly virtues, the villain both sleek and despicable, and the hero's daughter as staunch a fifteen-year-old as ever fiction knew. In spite of this insistence on the black-and-white, however, it is a good story, and the people themselves credible.

Perhaps one is won over by the writer's own faith in obvious goodness and badness, but as the story evolves it becomes increasingly important to the reader to see virtue rewarded, avarice and injustice punished. That surely is some test of a novel's merit?

The hero, and no less equivocal word will fit him, is Mr. John Coke of the Merchant Service, a very fine seaman and next in line for promotion to the command of a liner. By a piece of stupidly bad luck he is involved in a scandal and loses the command and most of his chances. He is given instead the command of a little ship, the most notoriously dirty and ill-run in the company's fleet, and exiled to the East. In this obscure post he manages to make a name for himself as a navigator and captain, and as the "Pathfinder" he receives enough publicity to draw the company's attention to him.

He is given the command of a cruising liner (I gather from Mr. Jordan that the Merchant Service takes a poor view of cruising as a sport), and directs a thrilling rescue of a ship on fire at sea. This, and the matter of a perfectly organised abandoning of another sinking ship in record time, prove too much for his company, cads as they are, to ignore, and he is finally given command, on his own terms, of the biggest ship of their fleet.

The whole theme of the book is the rehabilitation of a worthy man on his own merits, and Mr. Jordan makes it just absorbing enough for us to mind whether he achieves it or not. The technical sailing stuff is a triumph, by the way. Just the right amount to appeal to one's sense of the mechanical, without being unintelligible. It should, and I hope it does, sell like hot cakes.

It was an aspirin bottle that first gave Mr. Philip Thornton the idea of going to Albania. He admits it himself and, in case you should accuse me of romancing, explains how the writing on a borrowed packet fascinated him to such an extent that he first began a study of Albanian phonetics and, a year later, started for the country itself.

Mr. Thornton's route was fairly indirect, for he stopped first in Rome to witness the canonisation of two English martyrs. The six-hour service was remarkable incidentally for the break during which some of the high dignitaries retired behind the Papal throne to a fully equipped snack bar. From Rome Mr. Thornton flew to Tirana, and from there began his wanderings in the Balkans.

DEAD PUPPETS DANCE (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is the lively account of those travels, during which it was the author's object to learn something of the local music and folk dances. He was successful in this, and particularly over the dancing, in which he himself often joined with commendable agility and endurance. That is strictly my own view, as Mr. Thornton is modest to the point of silence and insists on the number of times he fell down during these boisterous exercises.

There were other things than traditional dances to be discovered on the author's voyage, strange towns, strange customs and, more than anything, people. People who talked, people who couldn't be persuaded to talk, people who posed for the excellent photographs that illustrate the book, and people who made such heaven-sent remarks as the fat gentleman who said about the English that "Only a nation of unimaginatives could be so law-abiding".

Mr. Thornton writes with such vivid perception and such humour that he must indeed be the ideal traveller, for I am told that there are some aspects of Balkan travel which take quite an amount of laughing off! If I add that he is nearly the ideal writer of travel books, you will understand just why this book of his should be on your next library list.

This England . . .

Bodiam Castle, Sussex

IT was to the great downland ridge that the fat rich Wealden country looked for protection from marauding carracks and brigantines from overseas. And where the southing rivers cut the glistening chalk, men built their strongholds to guard the valley ways. Battle and Bodiam, Hurstmonceaux and Arundel —the very names spell history. Well was the work done . . . turret and keep and lilied moat still stand in tribute to that steadfast watch. This steadfastness has preserved us other things besides our liberty—such comforts as that grand old English beer that you call Worthington—first brewed for the men who lived so hard and saw so clear.

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GERMANY SWEEPS THE BOARD: *Above* — Manfred von Brauchitsch (the eventual winner) cornering at speed in his Mercedes-Benz, and Rudolf Caracciola (*above on left*) leading the field in the Grand Prix de Monaco, the thrilling race through the streets of the little Riviera principality which resulted in a convincing triumph for the German cars which occupied the first four places

On left— ON THE FINISHING LINE: Manfred von Brauchitsch winning the Monaco Grand Prix

MOTOR NOTES

Thrilling Driving in the Grand Prix de Monaco

GERMAN cars and German drivers swept the board in last week's Grand Prix de Monaco, taking first four places, after one of the most thrilling motor races in Europe this year. The result was: 1, Manfred von Brauchitsch (Mercedes-Benz), in 3 hrs. 7 mins. 23.9 secs.; average speed, 63.25 m.p.h. 2, Rudolf Caracciola (Mercedes-Benz), 3 hrs. 8 mins. 48.2 secs. 3, Kautz (Mercedes-Benz). 4, Hans von Stuck (Auto-Union). Known as the "race of a thousand corners," the Monaco Grand Prix, which has one hundred laps of two miles each, actually runs through the streets of the town, and provides a magnificent spectacle. The fastest cars in Europe took part, handled by some of the world's finest drivers, and it is a tribute to their skill that they were able to race side by side at more than 100 miles an hour through the town's narrow streets.

DRAMATIC TRANSFORMATION: Red Lion Hill, at the Knowle entrance to Bristol on the main Bristol-Wells road, as it appeared before alteration (*above*) and as it appears now that it has been widened (*below*). Space is provided for double traffic lines

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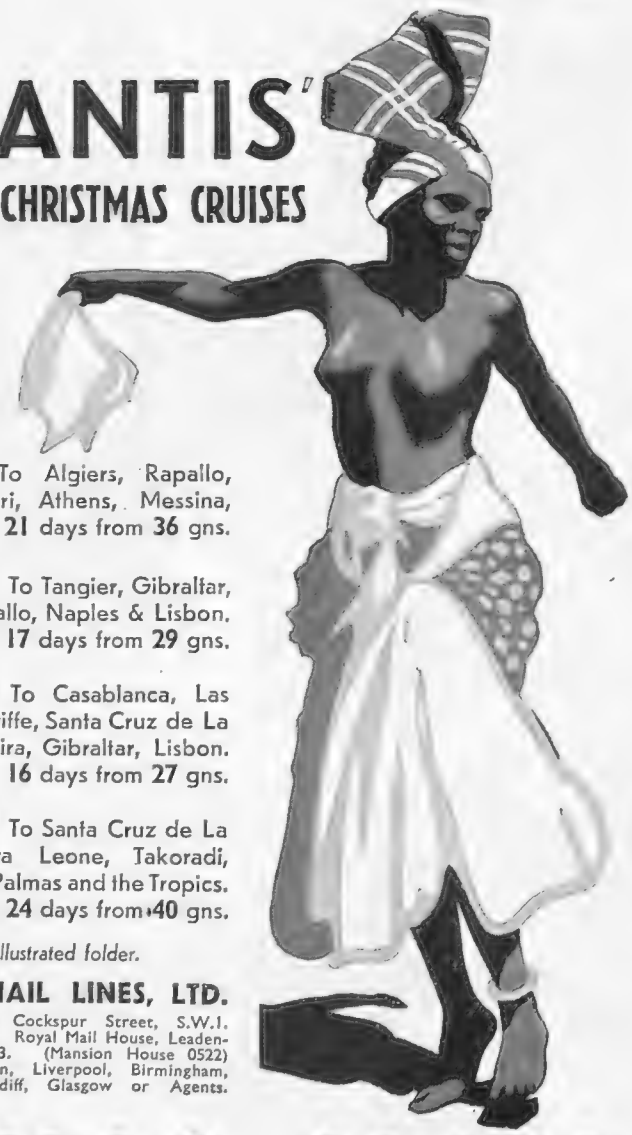
The immense edifice of the Meenakshi Temple, Madura, towers into the Indian sky.

An expression of calm and meditation spreads over the face of this Sikh as he reads the Granth—the Holy Book.

'ATLANTIS'

AUTUMN & CHRISTMAS CRUISES



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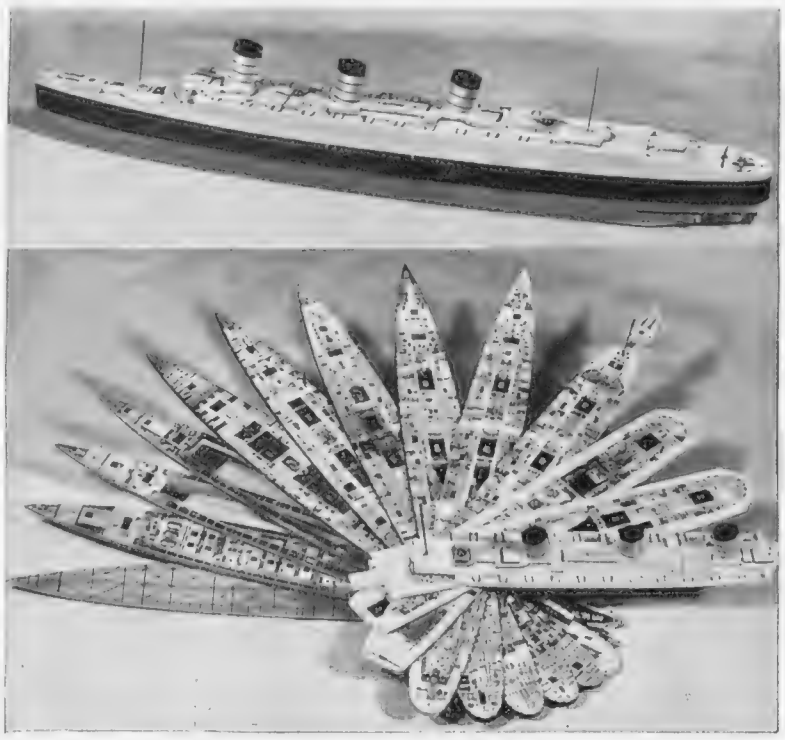

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BOHEMIA and SLOVAKIA

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"ZILINA," said the sign-board. We were nearly there. It was hot on the platform and the glass of beer from the trayful carried by a small boy in a smock was grateful to the taste. Across the plain the Little Carpathians shimmered in a haze of heat. A black redstart, the first I had seen for many a day, flew up from the railway track and perched flaunting its flaming tail on a telegraph wire. A confused medley of cries and whistles announced that we were off again, and the long line of carriages labelled with an assortment of names like a geography lesson gone frantic—Berlin Praha—Istanbul—Belgrade, rumbled on. Less than an hour later we were driving to our hotel at Piestany.

ONLY SIX HOURS AFTER LEAVING CROYDON the traveller alights on the aerodrome at Prague, the picturesque and old-world capital of the new and go-ahead Republic of Czechoslovakia

TAKING THE CURE AT PIESTANY: Having a bath in the hot volcanic mud that wells up from the bed of the river at this renowned resort

I have retained from early days a passion for mud, and this childish pleasure in what is generally abhorred enables me to appreciate to the full the attractions of such widely differing places as Wapping and the flats of the Wash. When the mud is of the inkiest black, when it has the consistency of butter and is to boot hot; when you are indeed encouraged to wallow in it instead of being warned off, then delight reaches peak point. From the Middle Ages when people journeyed to Piestany to sit in mud-holes in the river-bed to its development by the Winter family into one of the world's most famous spas the place has been famous for its radio-active slime. The treatment, from the mud-pack to the periods spent in the mud bath and the "mirror pool" has the additional advantage of being most soothing in its effects. Certainly for rheumatic and arthritic humours the mud treatment seems a sovereign remedy. I met, for instance, an elderly man who for some years had, owing to rheumatism, been unable to move his fingers. Now he moved them continually like a pianist in his pleasure at having regained their use.

Apart from the mud Piestany's greatest charm for me lies not in its pleasant position spanning the River Waag, nor in its famous swimming-pool filled with soft thermal water, its golf-course, parks and tennis courts, nor the splendour of the white-blossoming catalpa trees, its lotus pool or that where the Victoria Regia lily flourishes out of doors in the warm spring water (we can only grow it in the tropical house at Kew), but in its birds. In May and early June Piestany is the concert-ground of a thousand nightingales; goldfinches, siskins, golden orioles, and hoopoes abound. The spa directorate employs a man specially to "liquidate" stray cats.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S GREAT HOLIDAY AND HEALTH CENTRE: A motoring rally at Piestany spa which is once again attracting its full quota of British holiday visitors

Piestany, itself the centre of a pleasing countryside, is a good spot from which to begin a tour. From here, for instance, it is a comparatively short drive to Bratislava that fine old town with its enormous ruined castle above the Danube. Here for many centuries the Hungarian kings were crowned. Or you may motor through Shrakia in a carefree manner impossible in this country. Horses still shy at the sight of a car in Czechoslovakia and you may drive on good roads for hours without meeting another motor. There is, too, a sensation of space about the countryside which itself gives a feeling of freedom. You will like too the broad village streets flanked by the one-storeyed houses whitewashed in different colours, the fantastic cut and shades of the peasants' dresses. Then the place-names amuse: so often they sound like ejaculations of varying, and sometimes illusive portent; Brno, Zlin and Krnor for instance.

There are certain sights and points of interest in Czechoslovakia about which you will feel a grievance because no one has told you of them before. How is it, for instance, that you have never heard of Spisshe Podhradie in Slovakia, at once the greatest and one of the most impressive ruins in Central Europe? Or why had no one told you of the beauty of the Jewish children in the towns near the Polish border, or, for that matter that there was such excellent fishing in the streams and lakes of the High Tatras, or that Pilsener beer was made there, or that here the Renaissance had reached such a flowering and left so many masterpieces in church and museum? You will be amazed too at the glories of the magnificent ice caves of Jobsina in the High Tatras mountains and delight in the clear air and hot sunshine of those heights, and the rich flora of the Alpine pastures and valleys.

SHORN OF THEIR WINTER FLEECES the sheep lie contentedly in the heat of the Slovakian plateau where they are brought from the valleys to graze in summer. In the distance loom the Tatra peaks

The flowers of the country deserve a word to themselves. To name a few, you will find the snowy heads of the aconite-leafed ranunculas, a plant like some refined Japanese anemone, commonly in the foothills; doronicum styriacum is a handsome plant, and the azure alpine campanula, one of the rarest and loveliest of the botanist's prizes grows on the Pop Ivan mountain; or on a walk on the high slopes you may light upon the celestial goblets of gentiana clusii. Czechoslovakia has much to recommend it as a flower-lover's hunting-ground.

However short your visit, you must not miss Prague. It is unrivalled in beauty as a capital, and is within easy reach of a number of points of interest in the surrounding countryside.

Hugenaut

BLOOMING IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE HIGH TATRAS the nature lover will find the ranunculas growing in profusion, lending enchantment to the alpine landscape

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Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

In Quest of

The Isle of Wight Offers Unexpected Changes of

SOME time ago I recollect getting into very hot water because, in an article I wrote on the Isle of Wight, I suggested that for those who wished to "sample" the island, there were day trips from the mainland. Hotel interests on the island were loud in their protestations, and whilst my statement was and is still entirely accurate, I now agree with my hotelier friends that really to sample the island, one must stay there for at least a week.

For the day excursionist can do no more than, to use an Americanism, "give it the once over." They can say they have been to the island, but that is all. They will be shown the "lions" in the shape of Alum Bay, the Needles, St. Catherine's Point, Carisbrooke, but here their knowledge must cease. Fortunately for the island and those who stay there all motor coach traffic has to adhere to one circular route, and you could easily live on the island for weeks and never be conscious of its presence.

I cannot recollect anywhere else where, in such a small space, such changes of scenery and environment can be experienced. At one moment one can be on the Downs over Ryde surveying the island as a whole. A little later you can find yourself watching white sails scudding over the water at Bembridge, Cowes, and Yarmouth.

And at another moment, you can be sauntering along the almost private beach of Totland Bay watching the big ships majestically threading their way down the channel by Hurst Castle.

Half the fun of staying on the island is to meander around, knowing you will strike these contrasts, and it was one day whilst wandering around in this aimless way that I came across the *Royal Spithead Hotel, Bembridge.*

For the moment I hesitated as to whether I should go in or not, as my first impression from the outside was one of rather Victorian solidity. But I caught a vista of the within. An inviting dining-room, gay with flowers. A cocktail lounge, modern furnishings with blue carpet and blue covered chairs to harmonise with the Solent beyond, and that decided me. I felt I had made a "find" and I had.

Until fairly recently the Royal Spithead was about the most old-fashioned hotel on the island. I was told you were met on the doorstep by a dear old lady in a white lace cap, who had a good look at you before you were allowed to sign the visitors' book, and did not hesitate to show you the door again if you did not strictly adhere to the rules of the house. Not that this was of any detriment to the name of the Royal Spithead. It attracted the best of the land as it does now, but times change as must hotels, if they want to hold their clientele, and all comers to the Royal Spithead to-day will be agreeably surprised with the way the hotel has been adapted to modern needs.

Mr. E. W. Cattell, the present manager, is a very experienced hotelier, and aided by his wife and staff, one gets

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

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Illustrated brochure on request.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Within Its Small Perimeter Scene and Environment

such a friendly welcome that one registers a vow not in future to draw one's conclusions from an hotel's exterior, however austere or pleasing it may be.

The Ocean Hotel, Sandown.—Sandown is as bright with white summer clothes as Bembridge is with white sails; for Sandown, Shanklin, and in a slightly lesser degree Ventnor are the high spots of the island for entertainment. The Ocean has captured this gay holiday spirit. It was designed simply and solely for the holiday maker. Huge wide windows let in the sunshine and present an open panoramic view of the sea below. A colour scheme of apple green and cream makes for lightness, restfulness, and coolness. A cocktail lounge, extremely modern and gay, attracts everybody who is anybody. An orchestra plays at meal times and for the nightly dances with such a joyous lilt that they ought to have over the portico of the hotel, a notice—"Abandon cares all ye who enter here."

I cannot recollect any other hotel which provides that same joyous abandon. The lunch was excellent! No one knew I was coming so I was prepared for the best, the worst, or the mediocre. Actually I expected excellence for I had long since heard of the capability of Mr. W. Johns, the manager, and I knew something about the wide vision of the Board of Directors; so I will leave the Ocean, admirably run as it is, upstairs, below-stairs, and in all departments, to say I wish there were a few more hotels run on Ocean lines throughout the country, for such enterprise is needed and must surely have its reward.

One other hotel I *must* mention before I conclude this article, and that is the *Shanklin Towers Hotel* at Shanklin. For over twenty-five years Shanklin Towers has maintained without any ups and downs a standard of excellence based, not on the vogue of the moment, but on those qualities which are always in demand. Excellent catering, solid comfort . . . and willing service. I believe Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Gould have owned this hotel since its commencement. Whether or not it is their baby I am not sure, but I do know it is their pride. To them is due its steady growth. Always "on the spot," they are quick to remedy faults, make useful innovations . . . foster a happy atmosphere.

If I were contemplating residing in an hotel for the autumn and winter months, I would seriously consider the Shanklin Towers Hotel, for there I could be sure of the maximum of sunshine and bracing air, plenty to do, and equally sure that within the hotel I could live at a very reasonable figure comfortably—almost indulgently.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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Lincombe Hall
OF TORQUAY

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Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Falmouth.—Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Hambleden.—Stag & Huntsman (Henley 4 miles).
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hinton (New Forest, Hants.).—East Close Htl.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Liss (Hampshire).—East Hill Country House Htl.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Seaton (Devon).—Royal Clarence Hotel. Tel. 15.
Searborough.—The Grand.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel. Tel. 3.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford.—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. Twyford 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¼).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge (211).—Three Arrows Hotel.
Leeming Lane (227).—Newton House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4.
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel. Tel. 9.
Aberfoyle.—The Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire (Sma' Glen).—Amulree Hotel.
Perthshire.—The Royal Hotel, Tyndrum.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.

THE BERGHOF "MOUNTAIN COURT"

(Continued from page 294)

some three square miles of segregated mountainside and is approached by a sweeping road, up the last two miles of which none may go without a special permit. On this ultimate stretch are terrific supercharged climbers on six wheels, all-weather monsters able to tackle snow, ice, slush, a minor landslide! Periodically on either side are to be seen small turreted guard houses, permanently occupied. The place is a real fortress, for in addition to hidden machine-gun posts, the surrounding hills are thick with A.A. batteries said to be capable of rendering all thought of successful air attack, at this altitude and climate, definitely not worth while.

Another innovation is an adjacent aerodrome, nearing completion, while the autostrada down to Munich is also on the verge of being finished, when the monsters will be able to "make" the Bavarian capital and soul of Nazism in ninety minutes.

To effect all this Hitler has had to evacuate or take over one or two "cure" villas and two dozen or so of peasant habitations. He has also pushed away from the Berghof the main Salzburg-Berchtesgaden high road that used to give a view into the property. This has been pushed 200 yards away over the other side of a hill, in best and thorough German style. Only three or four other buildings remain on the estate, these including Göring's chalet and the Platterhof Inn where in bygone days Hitler used to sit long with his cronies, Max Amman, now his Director of Reich Printing, and Herr Hanfstengle who recently had occasion to be complimentary to British justice. These were the friends of the days of long ago, when Hitler was hammering out his doctrine over beer and later writing the second and most important (to us) volume of *Mein Kampf*.

Very few, as I said, are ever allowed inside the Berghof domain. Nor is it either wise or of much use to ask questions, without. Foreigners are intently watched in the Berchtesgaden region, and the innocent-looking wayside labourer or your coachman may not be what he seems. In hotels and villas rigid details have to be filled in. One "senses" hidden eyes and ears all the time, as the Berghof's own daily life suggests at least to me—suddenness and precision. That is how everything looks as if it worked. You press a button, as it were, and armed guards surge forth on supercharged roarers, to whirl you down to the aerodrome,

Conversely, Hitler tugs people towards him, with lightning pull, and these can be of all kinds. His is the artistic brain that prefers direct contact and which loathes paper work and fixed functioning. He keeps his finger on the pulse of Germany by summoning Germans of every stratum and profession or way of life. He gets to bedrock at top speed with them, the people who are *doing* things, living the nation's day-to-day life.

CONTINUATIONS

Some call him slack, a dreamer who works in fits and starts. It may be so. He gets up late—anything up to 10 a.m. all according to how he has slept, usually badly—and over a breakfast of honey, cheese, rye bread and coffee, takes in the morning papers with special reference to his own. After that he is out on the mountainside in all weathers until elevenish. He always has his wolfhounds, and most times two permanent A.D.C. friends whose names escape me. Of course discreet guards follow along. On these rambles he may roam anywhere, stopping now and then to drive home a situation, which he does (architecturally) by drawing on the ground with his walking-stick.

Eleven till a 2 p.m. lunch is taken up with secretaries, correspondence, official "boxes." But that is about the only fixed period that happens in the day. His lunch is vegetarian, though he provides the full business for others. His one variance is raw ham and—not with—caviare. Chocolates and pastry he has a weakness for—in fact the obvious diet of one who does not drink.

After lunch he may sleep—he will never dodge that, if humanly possible—or go straight to his den and hobby, from which he may reappear around five, when audiences follow for several hours, this being the time he "contacts" with his Germans.

A late dinner may not end till after ten, when the rest of the night and often into the small hours is given over to having it out with his fellow rulers of the Reich or foreign guests, expounding, "chewing the rag," settling maybe many destinies. . . .

PARIS AS HOSTESS TO THE WORLD

(Continued from page 305)

I suppose it is the French sense of humour which caused them to place the Russian pavilion immediately opposite the German. The Russians have made the mistake of relying too much on photographs and propaganda statistics.

The best part of the German pavilion is undoubtedly the Horcher restaurant which you reach by lift. Horcher owns, as many of you know, the best restaurant in Berlin and he has brought his chef, his maître d'hôtel, and several of his staff to Paris. Actually, Horcher's is perhaps the only first-class restaurant at the Exhibition where you can order *à la carte*.

One of the show places of the Exhibition is the Ile des Cygnes where the French colonial possessions have realistic imitations of the souks of Algeria and Morocco. But when I was there yesterday, the heat made it almost too realistic. Besides, I know the real thing.

In order to give yourself a real idea of the size of the Exhibition you can take a trip on a launch up and down the Seine which goes as far as the Concorde at one end and as far as the Ile des Cygnes at the other, the whole trip costing you 10 francs. The boat itself has an orange awning and the most comfortable chairs I have ever sat in, they are made entirely of rubber bands an inch wide. Incidentally, when the boat turns, the pilot sticks out a little automatic arm just as if it were a lorry or private car.

Going up towards the Concorde you pass the Roi George restaurant on a terrace next to three or four other buildings all white and draped with flags of different colours. There is also a large wooden needle something like Cleopatra's Needle and some pale brown buildings painted in delicate colours, the paintings representing life in different parts of the world.

The Radio Palace large and wide is on your right, so are the Argentine restaurant, the little round white building which is the Champagne pavilion, and a fire-brigade boat. On the left are a number of buildings like Swiss chalets, the Wood pavilion, the large blue pavilion de l'Elégance next to the dusky rose brasserie and the tall four-storeyed Italian building.

Last you pass huts with thatched roofs, an Eastern boat, white walls with small barred windows, palm trees, white buildings with red balconies, a Gascogny restaurant, a grey stone building, a white palace, and if you don't think you get your money's worth you must be pretty tough. Best of all, however, is the Art Gallery, this has the finest collection extant of the works of Manet, Renon, Cézanne, Van Gogh and the rest. This alone makes a visit to Paris worth while.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The above Society's work of caring for young children dates back to 1843. Since that time over 33,300 poor boys and girls have passed through the Society's hands. At the present moment 1,100 poor boys and girls are being maintained and trained in the Society's many Homes and Training Ship, to become good and useful men and women. Those boys who do not enter the Sea Services are trained for definite trades and will always be employable, while the girls are trained for a domestic life. This great work of caring for young children requires your constant help. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

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Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hrs. from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel, The Golfer's Home.**—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

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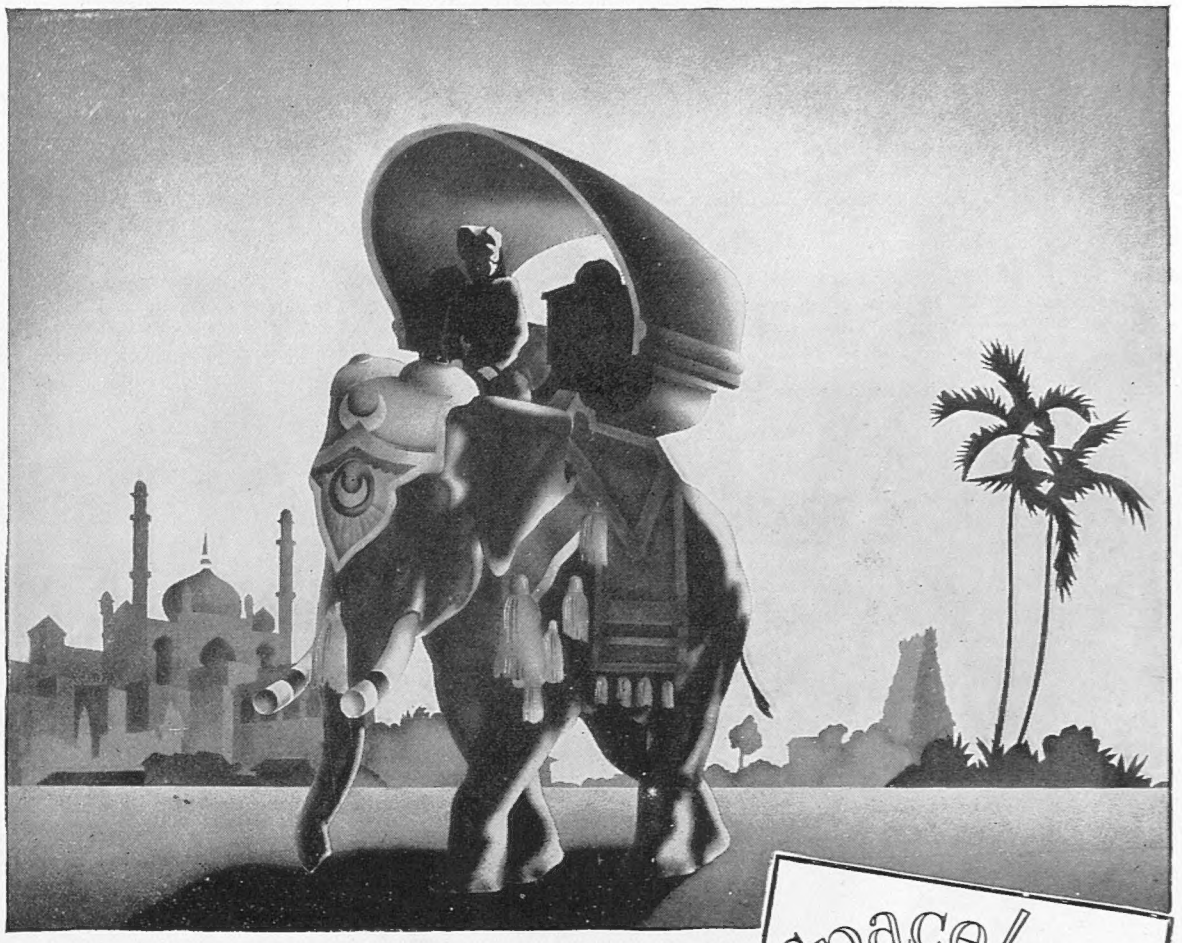

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THE DEMOLITION OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY ANNEXE: It was on July 1 that the work began in earnest, starting, as depicted here, with the removal of the flagpole above the royal *porte cochère*

THE RE-OPENING OF THE ABBEY

THE Secular Arm which for so many months held sway within the particular precincts of the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, has been for the past three months now gradually withdrawing itself. Its power vanished the moment the King's foot left the porch of the annexe on the afternoon of Coronation Day (May 12). For several weeks the Abbey, it should be recalled, was kept open, in its Coronation garb, in order to allow tens of thousands of visitors to view the setting of the great event.

THE EMPIRE SHIELDS, so attractively picked out in bright colours, were also among the first details to be removed. This is the South African emblem

Then the moment came when the Abbey authorities could not keep the great north door open any longer—an unlucky queue which had been waiting had to be turned away, unsatisfied. The work of demolishing the towering groups of balconies, the cascades of seats which filled every bay in the long arcade of the Abbey had to be put in hand. The doors were closed and they are not yet open, for the task of removing giant balks of timber and steel girdering, all wedged delicately in close proximity to historic monuments, cannot be done with speed.

However, the task of removal has not ceased from day to day, and very soon the doors will again be open to receive that flow of modern pilgrims which never ceases. The Abbey clergy are looking forward to the day when the regular procession of services will again take place, when the music of the Abbey choir and of the new organ will again soar and echo among the high vaulting, one of the glories of St. Peter's Abbey.

THE WEST DOOR was once again exposed to daylight in the third week of July and the girders of the vanishing annexe stood out in naked severity

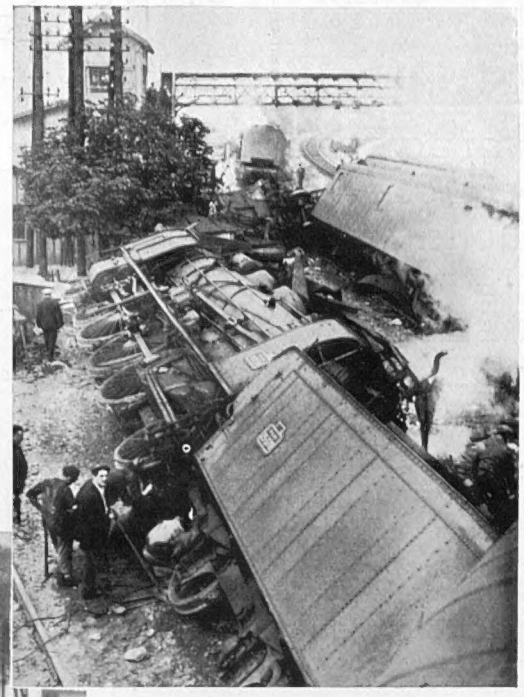
Without, a somewhat sorry scene has been exposed to the eye of the passer-by. Rusty piping and odd pieces of timber have lingered on what was once the green sward of the Abbey precincts. Still slower has been the demolition of the Coronation annexe, that wonderful structure so solidly built of steel and concrete. It seemed as if Sir James could scarcely bring himself to destroy his pet creation.

ONCE MORE A SKELETON: How complex was this annexe structure is revealed in this view, obtained from a window of neighbouring Westminster Hospital

It was not until July 1 that the flagpole was lowered to the roof. The heraldic beasts vanished and the gilded halberds one morning were no longer there. During last week mechanical drills were breaking up the last blocks of concrete on the level of the roadway.

A STEEL COACH RAILWAY ACCIDENT EXAMINED . . .

THE behaviour of the steel and wood train after the derailment of the locomotive in the recent disaster south of Paris (already illustrated and described briefly in THE SPHERE) was so extraordinary that we venture to call our readers' attention to certain features of the accident, as made evident in this series of pictures which were obtained just after it occurred. The Pacific locomotive as it lay on its side was still steaming. A careful study of the pictures will reveal how the train, which consisted of engine, tender, wooden goods van, postal van, second-class coach, wooden coach, (carrying a number of pilgrims) and two following metal coaches, spread itself after the violent arresting of its forward motion. The steel coaches show the tendency to "star" which is not unusual. The pilgrim coach would appear to have been smashed at the right-hand end of the second-class coach as seen in these pictures.



IN THE PARIS-ST. ETIENNE DISASTER THE "PACIFIC" TYPE LOCOMOTIVE ran off the rails, fell over on its side, and pulled up in front of some small railway buildings. The steel tender remained close behind. The luggage van, much smashed, and the postal van, little damaged, ran ahead on the metals as seen on the right

HOW THE TRAIN ZIG-ZAGGED across the metals can be seen in this view, taken from the little steel bridge shown in the first view. The still steaming locomotive lies to the right. Just in front is the smashed luggage van, crumpled up against the postal van. A second class metal coach was slewed across the metals behind the locomotive. Another metal coach rode off at an acute angle creating a jamb at this corner

In view of the extreme interest of this question of the railway traveller's safety, a technical correspondent of THE SPHERE writes:

Until an official report is available on the cause of the unfortunate accident to the Paris–St. Etienne Pilgrim Express train on July 30, when 27 people were killed, it would be unwise to speculate as to the cause.

Assuming that the photographs were taken before any of the damaged rolling stock had been removed, the position of the locomotive engine and the four carriages around it seem to indicate that the force of the collision had made these coaches "star", as the term is, or spread themselves in zig-zag fashion.

Coaches of certain design and construction are not the be-all and end-all of the problem however as witness the following details of safety-first measures on British railways. Here safety first is secured by the fullest joint consideration of all essential factors bearing on it. Apart from the very strict requirements of our Ministry of Transport, acceptance of all railway material and rolling stock is subject only to the most stringent specifications and tests; the adoption of the most up-to-date mistake-proof and almost weather-proof signalling equipment; the laying of the most substantial forms of permanent way or track; and the unceasing supervision of the track and rolling stock, night and day, all contribute their share to the remarkable immunity which we experience in this country from serious accidents.

As to coach construction, views naturally differ. Both all-steel and steel with wood construction have their particular features in the case of a serious collision. It is stated that with an all-steel construction the result of a collision at high speed would be to cause the carriages to "star" or spread themselves over a large area, and do more ultimate damage.

WHEN TWO COACHES MET: This would appear to be the end of the 2nd-class coach and part of the smashed wreckage of the 3rd-class pilgrim coach

WHERE A BIG SMASH OCCURRED: This view was taken behind the 2nd-class steel coach which slewed across the rails, as seen in the second picture

Also that a certain amount of wood in the carriage sides acts to some extent as a cushion, and also facilitates cutting into the carriage to get out the entrapped passengers.

It may be news to many that during the last few years the proportion of steel to wood has increased enormously in our own railway carriages. The use of steel side panels, and latterly of steel roofs has been increasingly adopted, in some 600 new vehicles a year, until at the present time steel forms about 75 per cent. of the weight of the passenger coaches of our four leading railway systems.

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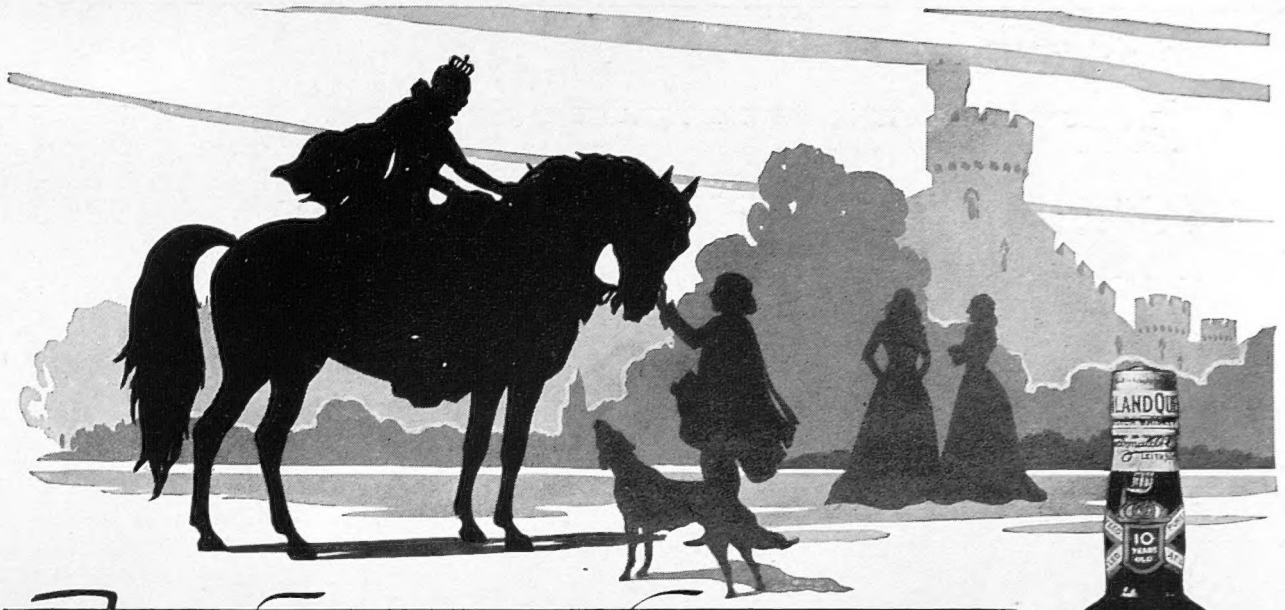

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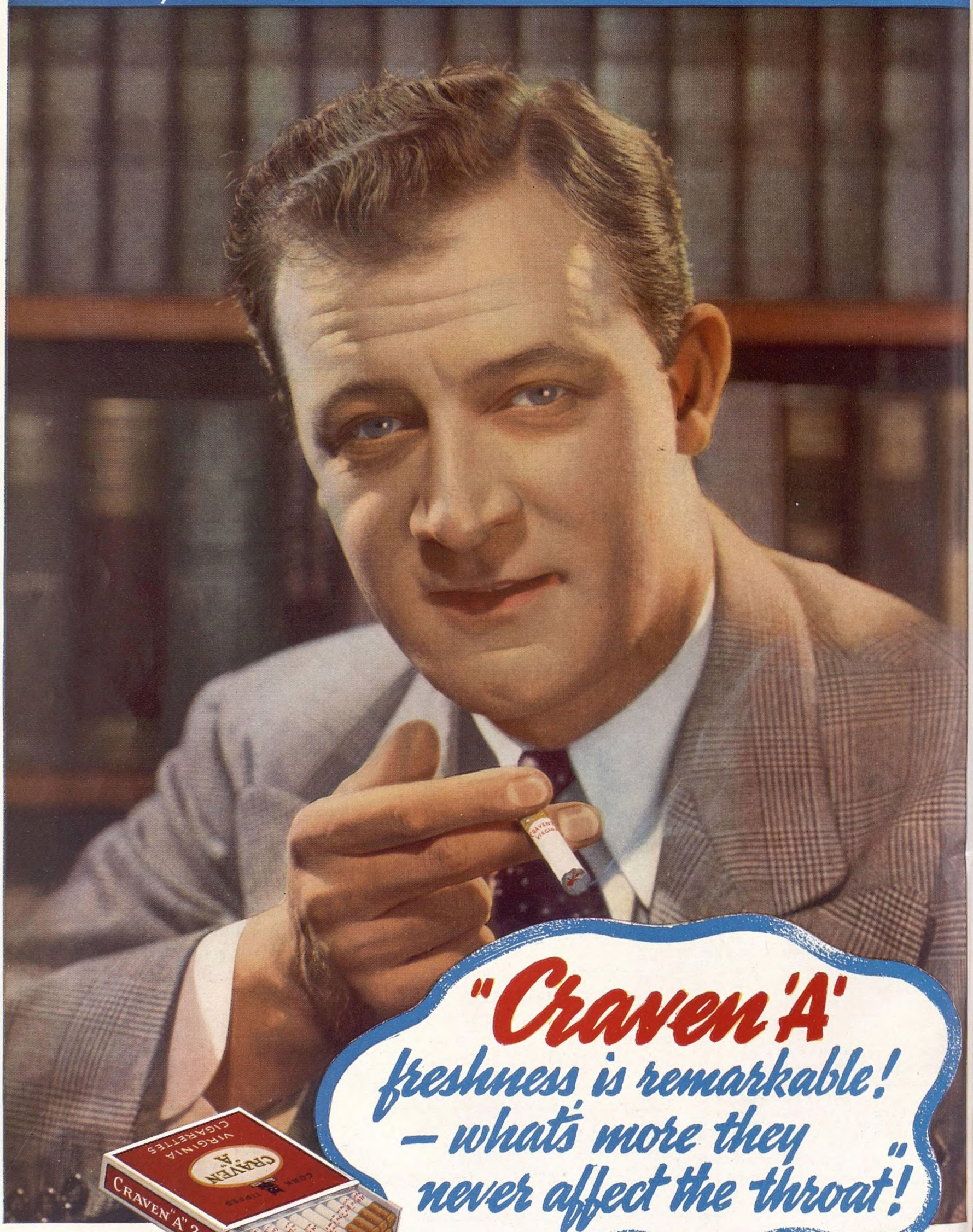

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